THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXI—No. 1449

SEPTEMBER 23, 1931

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# GANDHI AND HIS LOIN-CLOTH! : By R. J. MINNEY

# the BYSTANDER

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# You can't steal her Summer!

## The LOST SUMMER

That lost summer went to Juan-les-Pins, of course! And many happy thousands are following it, bathing in perfumed waters, revelling in fun, swelling music, open-air dancing, velvety air, the scent of mimosa, cyclamen, eucalyptus, under a canopy of sundust, skydust, stardust, entranced by the Riviera's most rare and elusive, if not wicked, wild-dust! Think of it! Ten hours a day of sunshine for the past six months! This Riviera never fails its lovers, it never tires those comers-back. Enchanting each month of the year, its sweet September morns and its balmy October evenings cannot be matched in any clime. Have a real vacation, capture that lost summer!

*Its Dainty Casino, Hotel Le Provençal.*

# JUAN-LES-PINS

**OPEN ALL THE SUNNY YEAR ROUND**

The Bystander, September 23, 1931

# the BYSTANDER

No. 1449. Vol. CXI.

## MISS GLADYS LORIMER

*One of the principals of the Covent Garden Opera Company. Trained for an operatic career in Italy, she has a charming coloratura soprano voice, and made her début in Bologna. She will be singing in the rôle of Rosina in one of the performances of "The Barber of Seville" and Adele in "Die Fledermaus" during the English Season, which is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences*

# FLOOD-LIGHTING THE GARDEN!

*The flood-lighting of London has turned the attention of householders to the illumination of their gardens, and the above photograph shows to what artistic uses out-of-door lighting can be put, and at a minimum of expense, for it has been calculated that an average garden can be electrically lit for about one penny an hour. On pages 667 to 672 we specially feature the new decoration of the home*

*THE QUEEN AT HARROGATE*

*H.M. the Queen, who has been stopping at Harewood House, Leeds, paid a visit to Harrogate, a resort of which she is very fond. The Queen is seen above on a shopping expedition accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester (left) and Princess Mary*

*Miss Inez Cope, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Cope and of Mrs. Cope, who was married last week to Mr. W. F. J. McNamara, of Dundandion, Blackrock, Co. Cork, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The bridal dress is of white, luminous satin*

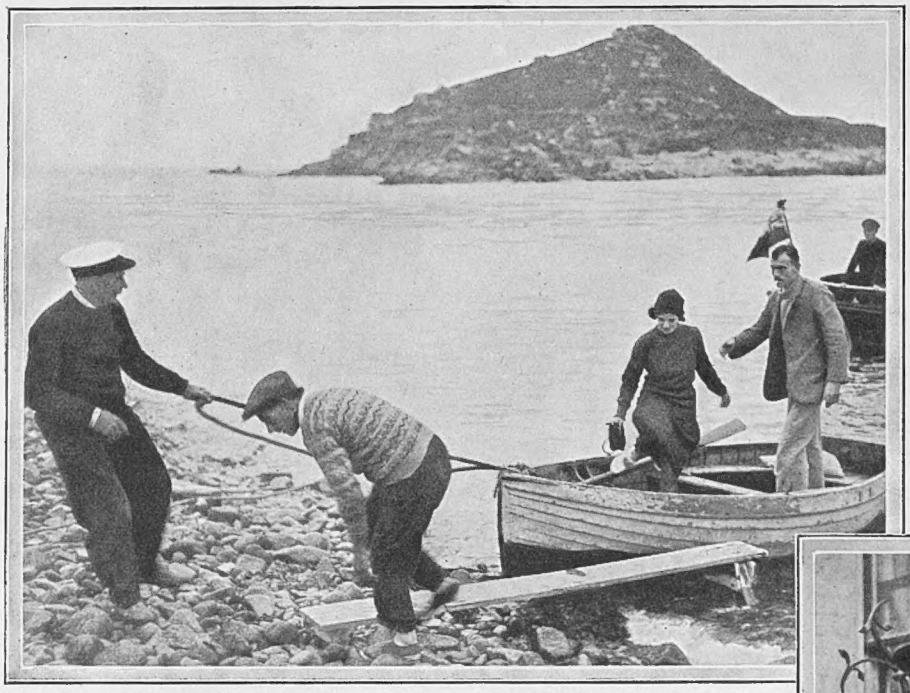
# the passing hour

So far the increased income tax does not seem to have affected London's gaiety or good spirits in the slightest. The English are really an astonishing race. They submit cheerfully and without a murmur—for even the Socialists do not mind the income tax increase—to one burden after another. At the same time, I fancy that life is going to be pretty quiet during the month of January. The demand for three-quarters of our income tax, increased at that, is going to be the most concentrated financial drain on our pockets throughout history. January is in any case one of the dullest months so far as the restaurants and hotels are concerned. So unless some credit system is adopted to carry clients over to the month of February, it is going to be very much a month of staying at home.

THERE are still three months, however, before the sword of Mr. Damocles Snowden descends on us, and you would never guess that the impending blow was impending at all. The theatres are doing excellent business. Despite the most contrary opinions about *Grand Hotel,* the Adelphi Theatre, like most of its rivals, is doing well. Ciro's, with the return of the Plantation Singers, and the Café de Paris, with its new economy tariff, have little to complain about. It is the same with Quaglino's, the Piccadilly, and the rest.

THOUGH the Prince of Wales was still away last week at Biarritz wearing the same maroon-coloured short-sleeved jersey in which he first appeared at Le Touquet last year, London has been filling up fast. The first wedding of the Little season—at St. James's, Spanish Place, was very well attended by the friends and relatives of Miss Inez Cope and Mr. William Macnamara. Lady Carnarvon, Lady William Nevill, and Lady Enid Turnor were among the guests. In these hard times it makes one

# MR. HEARST AND HIS WELSH CASTLE



*A SOLITARY EDEN FOR A HONEYMOON*

*After the wedding of Mr. J. W. Winkfield, of the Border Regiment, to Miss Marjorie Bell in Guernsey, the happy pair left by boat for Jethou, the smallest of the inhabited Channel Islands. They are here seen landing after their voyage. Jethou is 3½ miles east of Guernsey, with an area of forty-four acres, and boasts of a population of two*

wonder how anybody can afford to get married, and yet weddings go on just the same. There are dozens scheduled to take place between now and Christmas.

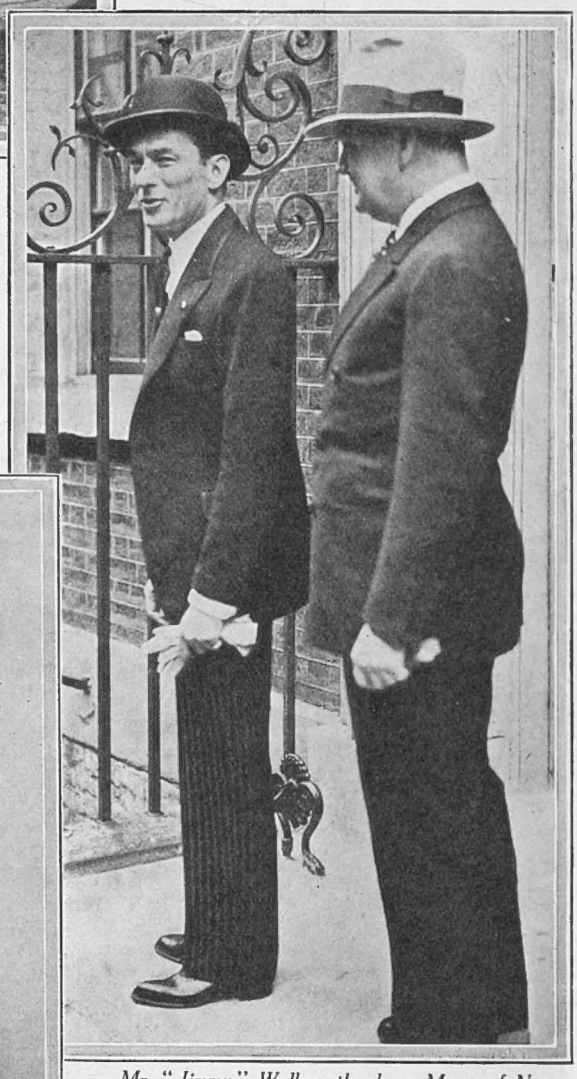
ONE of the most entertaining visitors to London in the past few days has been Count Bon de St. Hilaire, Court Chamberlain to Prince Louis of Orleans-Bourbon. Although, of course, a Frenchman, he holds the highest regard for Mussolini. He was saying at dinner the other night that Mussolini's latest scheme has been to have thousands and thousands of white aprons made by unemployed men. These are then distributed to every home in Italy where there are children, with the warning that they are to be kept spotlessly clean under penalty of two lira for the first offence, four lira for the second, and four days' gaol for the third. The result is that Italy is full of small children in spotless white aprons looking like little angels going to school.

COUNT BON DE ST. HILAIRE was also telling me about a ten-year fight which his mother has maintained against the Reparations Committee in connection with property of hers which was destroyed during the War in Smyrna. After eight years' litigation, she was awarded £10,000 damages. But a few days ago, for she refused this as insufficient, she was granted £60,000, to be paid in three sums of £20,000 each over the course of the next year. Women's rights, and the ability to stick up for them, were, in this case, adequately rewarded.

*Lady Elizabeth Yorke only child of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, whose engagement has been announced to the Hon. Thomas W. Coke, Scots Guards, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Coke. The marriage will take place on October 1*

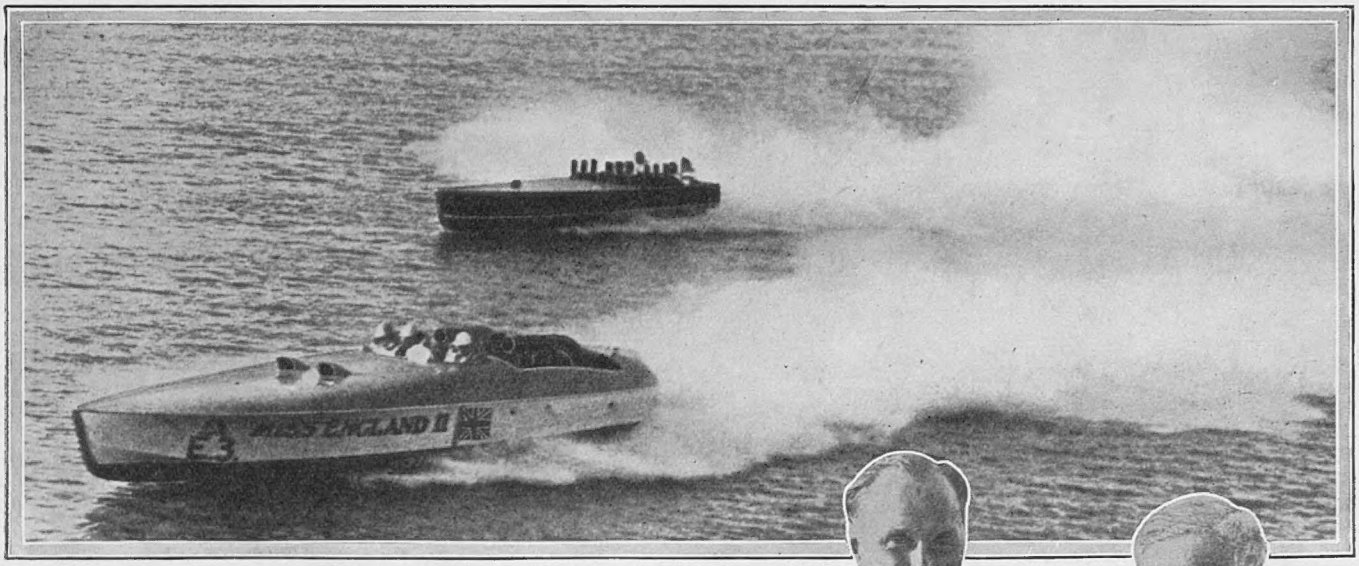
THE poorer one feels, the more one is interested in tales of other people's money. Take, for example, the case of Marion Davies, who has just paid her income tax with a cheque for £165,000. Even more entertaining is the news of Mr. W. R. Hearst's plans for St. Donat's Castle in Wales. He has already so built on to it that he has now twenty-five bedrooms. But he intends to double that number in the course of the next year or two. France's refusal to have him has done Wales a great deal of good.

MR. HEARST has been inviting the local gentry to dinner after dinner—though Lord and Lady Dunraven and Lord Plymouth both happened to be absent when the invitations came—and has also been identifying himself with cattle shows and all the local charities and bazaars.



*Mr. "Jimmy" Walker, the cheery Mayor of New York, on the steps of 10, Downing Street, when paying a return visit to the Premier. This "glass of fashion and mould of form" was overwhelmed with invitations while in England. When he did not arrive at parties where he was expected, desolation reigned supreme*

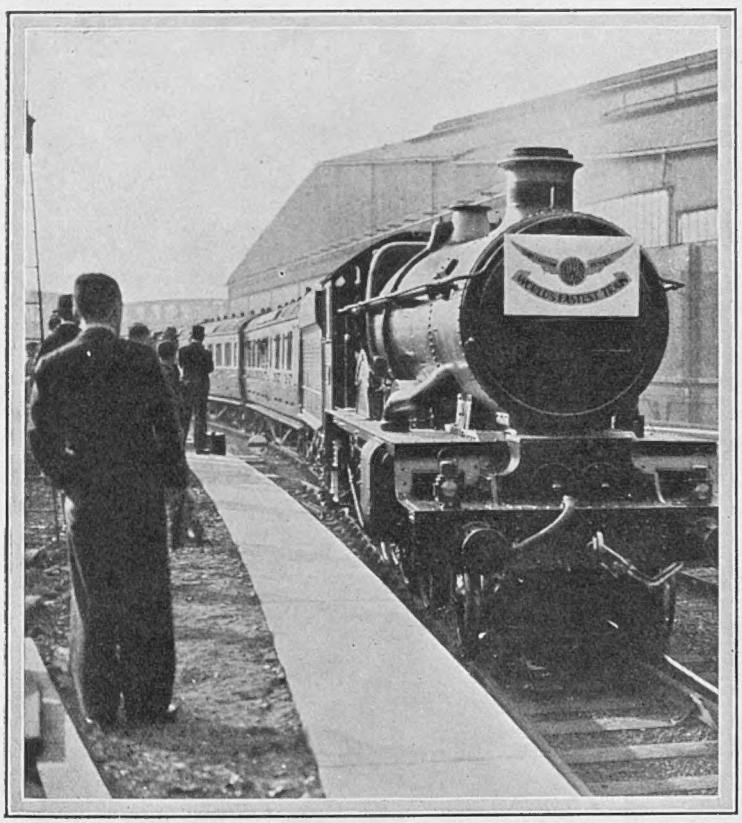
## HIGH SPEED ON LAND AND WATER




*The race for the Harmsworth Trophy was held at Detroit, Michigan, when the first heat was won by Kaye Don in Miss England II. He is seen above leading Gar Wood's Miss America IX*

HIS latest idea of improving St. Donat's, however, would not have made him very popular if he had gone through with it. St. Donat's is four miles from the nearest village, and Mr. Hearst's idea was to have a special electric button fixed in the castle which, when pressed, would ring in the village—once for the newspapers, twice for the hairdresser, and three times for the doctor. He decided on second thoughts, however, that the local villagers might not care to be awakened at all hours of the night at the whim even of their benefactor, and so the scheme has been dropped. Another good idea gone wrong!

*Another incident in the Harmsworth Trophy Race at Detroit. Kaye Don (left) shaking hands with Gar Wood previous to the race. The result of the contest was a win for Gar Wood's boat due to an accident to Miss England II, but it was achieved by methods which all American sportsmen were the first to condemn*



*ANOTHER BRITISH ENGINEERING TRIUMPH*

*The Cheltenham Flier pulling into Paddington Station at the end of her run from Swindon when she did the seventy-seven and a quarter miles in fifty-nine minutes. The world's record for the fastest start-to-stop run has thus been regained by the Great Western Railway for Great Britain*

THOUGH, as I say, London is filling up fast, the autumn season on the Riviera seems to take a long time dying. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, Lord Queenborough's daughter, who bancoed Mayor Walker, of New York, so effectively at Cannes, is still there. Sir Walter and the perennially young Lady de Frece and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt were at a gala at Juan-les-Pins the other day. Monte Carlo, on the other hand, has been graced by Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Lord Michelham,

# SLUMP IN CHARITY SHOWS

and Sir William and Lady Katharine Lambton.

POSSIBLY, by the end of this week, Miss Paget will be back in London in preparation for the wedding of her sister, Mrs. Wilson-Filmer, who is marrying Sir Adrian Baillie. This will be Mrs. Wilson-Filmer's third adventure in marriage, and, one hopes, the most successful. She is in strong contrast to Miss Paget, who remains the richest bachelor girl in the country, with the exception of Lady Yule's daughter, who, however, never goes about, and is in consequence, one presumes, less likely to receive proposals of marriage.

THE extraordinary power of the daily newspapers, at least where raising interest in public spectacles is concerned, has never been better demonstrated than by the return of Mr. Chaplin to London to stay with Mr. Winston Churchill. When Mr. Chaplin arrived here a few months ago he held up the whole of London, thanks to the curiosity aroused by the Press. But look at his latest visit! One should never repeat successes. That is assuredly obvious.

ANOTHER of the signs of the times is the extraordinary drop in the number of charity balls and charity matinées fixed for the Little season. This time last year they were legion. Places like Grosvenor House had a dance a night for weeks at a time. However, His Majesty's Theatre is to be the scene of an all-star performance on October 30 of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, under the patronage of the Duchess of York, and with the Duchess of Devonshire as chairman. Sir Julien Cahn, that wealthy sportsman, is the honorary treasurer, and the oddly named "London Diocesan Bandette" are giving their services free. Stalls are priced at three guineas and two guineas, and the dress circle at one guinea and two guineas.

TO revert to the Prince of Wales, the photograph of him in sun spectacles will by now have been telegraphed all over the world. It is the first time he has ever been seen wearing them in Europe.

*THE JOYS OF CUBBING*

*A meet of the Garth Foxhounds at Swallowfield, near Reading, showing the pack and some of the field on Farley Hill*

*CUB-HUNTING IN SUSSEX*

*A picture of the Southdown Pack on Alfreston Downs, Sussex, showing the kill, which was effected after a thirty minutes' scurry*

**THE WEEK AFTER NEXT, October 7, is our**

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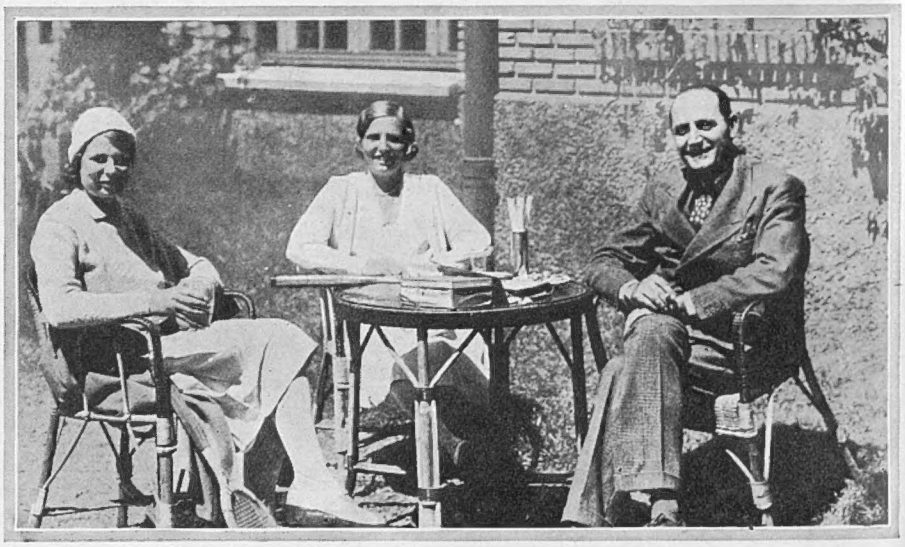


*Famous lawn tennis players compete annually for a lawn tennis golf cup, but there is, so far, no lawn tennis cup for famous golfers. If lady players like Miss Kathleen Garnham and Miss Diana Fishwick, seen seated outside the Golfers' Hotel, Hardelot, with Mr. Freddie Langfield, become bitten with the lawn game the omission will have to be rectified*

# THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BIARRITZ

*More cub-hunting. The Cotswold Hunt held their first cub-hunt on Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, last week, and the picture shows the hounds and field at work on the rugged hills*

Incidentally, I hear he motored across the Spanish border to San Sebastian the other day. He has also had Chaliapin to dinner, and Captain and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe to luncheon.

S

At the party he gave at the Château de Matignon, the Prince informed the Mayor of Biarritz that he hoped to come back there next year—thus damping in advance the ever-optimistic hopes of Antibes and Juan-les-Pins. It was at this dinner that the Mayor reminded the Prince of King Edward's trick of always being accompanied on his walks by two friends armed with umbrellas whenever he suspected that photographers were on the prowl in the neighbourhood. In return, the Prince showed his film of his travels in Africa, of which he is justifiably proud.

*Hay Wrightson*

*Miss Joy Arbuthnot, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Keith Arbuthnot, of Summers Place, Billingshurst, Sussex, whose engagement has lately been announced to Commander Ivan Colvin, R.N., only son of Col. and Mrs. Cecil Colvin*

S

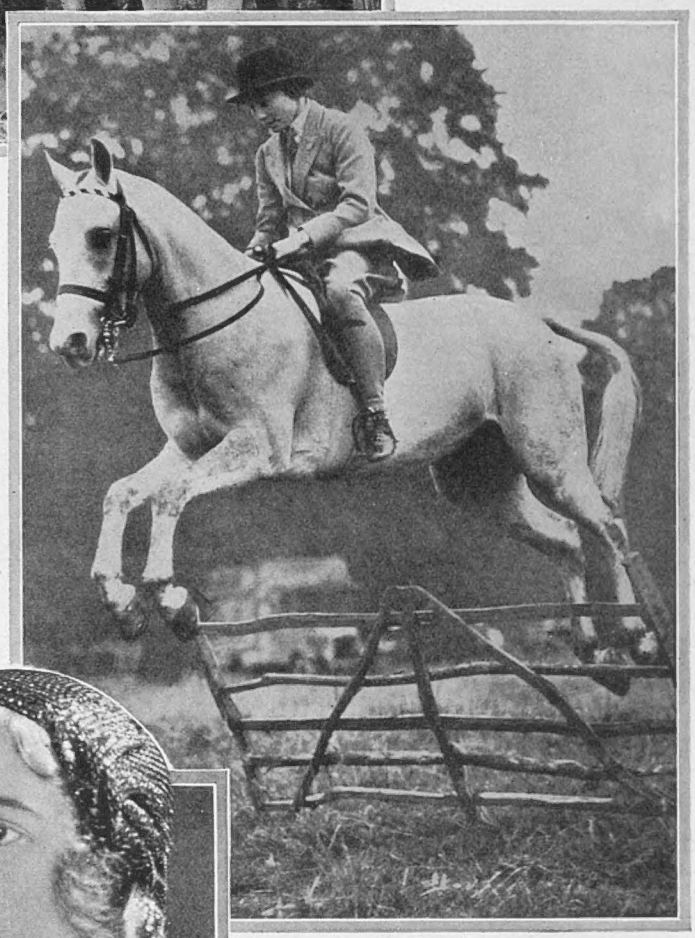
Foreign politicians are not surprisingly astounded at some of the things they see in London restaurants. Last week I was speaking of the supper party at Quaglino's which included Winston Churchill, Major Hore-Belisha, M.P., and the Mosleys. A few days later, at the Ritz, there was a luncheon party, the guests at which included Sir Oswald Mosley once more, Lord Lloyd, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, and Sir Philip Sassoon. The host and hostess were Prince and Princess Bibesco.

*Mrs. Munnings, wife of the famous R.A., at Porlock when hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds on Exmoor*

# MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

*Left: Many well-known personalities were in evidence at the Brackley Hunter Trials, and this cheery party includes the Hon. Charles Mills (son of Lord Hillingdon), Mr. Doran Williams, Miss B. Hoskins, Miss B. Williams, Mlle. S. Danton, the Rev. H. Hoskins and the Hon. Pamela Mills*

*Below: Miss Norah Walker on Silver Star, winner of forty-five first prizes this year competing at the Brackley Hunter Trials*



THIS Cuban rhythm which is being exploited so successfully at the Empress Rooms has more chance of coming to stay than any of its predecessors. Its chief advantage is that you can dance any kind of step to it, while the rhythm is so inspiring that the most self-conscious guest does not mind having a go at it. It is not, however, going to help dance teachers very much. For although there is a regular series of steps that go with the music, there is no need whatever to learn them.

WE'RE still hitting the "high spots" very successfully down here, writes my Riviera correspondent. Mistrals may rage, but at least it doesn't rain, and although the gala dinner had to be given inside the Monte Carlo summer casino, it was at least a novelty to sit in comfort watching the show with enormous waves thundering outside and spray covering the windows! Then later to the gala at the Knickerbocker, where exhibitions of the Rumba were being held, a dance which may lead to the gaiety of the participants, but which is hardly adapted to the English figure or temperament!

## RACING HINTS

*By "Old Orkney"*

**DOOLEY will pay for following. Carrying good money at Warwick was not placed but he was interfered with in the straight. Finished third at Doncaster over a similar distance—a mile.**

**LIEUTENANT LEE produced a fresh burst of speed to get within a head of defeating BLATTER over six furlongs at Ripon. Will pick up a nursery.**

**CONCERTO had some smart horses behind him at Doncaster when finishing third over seven furlongs at Doncaster. Was favourite in a keen market. Ran ZANOFF to half-a-length in the Dewhurst Stakes at Newmarket in April. Support with confidence.**

**SAGUSTO is an attractive youngster and will pick up prizes. Was heavily backed at Warwick when finishing second to WITCH MUSIC.**

**RACEDALE is expected to figure among a number of prominent Cambridgeshire horses fulfilling engagements at York this week. I shall not look beyond RACEDALE for the winner of the Little-Go Plate.**

**ORTYGIA with a good start should score in the Highclere Nursery at Newbury this week. Should be well suited to the course.**

*Hay Wrightson*

*The Hon. Sheila Warwick Bampfylde, only daughter of Lord and Lady Poltimore, whose engagement to Mr. Dennis Stucley, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Sir Hugh and Lady Stucley, has just been announced*

Here were to be seen some of the red linen trousers which can only be got from Arcachon, and which are the envy and desire of every man.

MISS RYAN, looking delightful but very thin, was bemoaning the fact that she had to play serious tennis, for she had never seen the Riviera in summer and was dying to take part in the bathing and night life.

I have no comment to make re costumes. Women should *not* wear shorts. They are not adapted to the female form divine, and unless Molyneux is suffering from an over-developed sense of the ridiculous he should not have them in his windows!

# A BUSY WEEK IN CUPID'S DARTS

*Brigadier-General John Greene, of Oakley Cottage, Cirencester, with his bride, Miss Iris Marguerite Selby-Bigge, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. D. L. Selby-Bigge, of the Crescent, Ripon, leaving Ripon Cathedral after their wedding*

*The wedding of Dr. James H. Hall, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Miss Mercia MacDonald, of Wallington, Surrey, took place last week at Christ Church, Down Street. The photograph shows the bride and bridegroom on the steps of the church after the ceremony*

*Mr. Anthony Hyde, M.C.S., son of the Rev. Prebendary H. B. Hyde and Mrs. Hyde, with Miss Kathleen Mostyn Hoops, daughter of Dr. A. L. Hoops, C.B.E., and Mrs. Hoops, of Malaya, who were married at All Souls', Langham Place, last week*

*Mr. Jimmy Farrell, the well-known Irish Rugby International, whose wedding recently took place to Miss Folwell The photograph shows bride and bridegroom leaving Brompton Oratory, where the ceremony took place*

# GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double owe-two-three . . . hello, hello, Baa . . . darling, I am miserable . . . how does one get unburnt? . . . I thought I was lovely until I saw myself . . . and our friends, under the lights o' London. . . . Edwina Mountbatten is a deep plum colour, rather like underdone beef . . . I'm sorry, but that's the truth . . . and in evening dress we look uncanny. . . .

* * *

CLEVER little Freda Dudley-Ward never indulges in fads and fancies, but remains herself . . . very lovely, very pale . . . in a demure dress of brown and white. . . . She was the most attractive person at Malmaison the other night . . . which was crowded. . . .

* * *

I was asked by an expert whom I thought had the best figure among the well-known lovelies . . . we have certainly had plenty of chances to judge this summer . . . the votes went finally to Frances Lindsay-Hogg . . . Olive Pearce was a runner-up, as was Wanda Baillie-Hamilton. . . . Frances, however, must be careful not to fade away altogether . . . she eats very little . . . and works very hard. . . .

* * *

MY dear, I saw Enid Stamp-Taylor in the most priceless Victorian get-up . . . walking with tiny feminine steps in the sunshine . . . she had a pork-pie hat with emerald-green feathers, and her hair was straight off her ears and massed in curls behind . . . and she had leg o' mutton sleeves on a tightly shaped, buttoned-to-the-neck coat. . . . Yes, it was rather fancy dress, but apparently it is what we are to expect this winter . . . and Enid was not a scrap embarrassed by the attention of passers-by. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE is gradually drifting homewards . . . and making plans for the winter. . . . I wonder if all the rows will be patched up . . . forgiven and forgotten? . . . I hope so. . . .

I SEE Maureen Dufferin has given her daughter her own name as well as Caroline . . . it is generally a bother . . . but mostly in the case of boys when father has the same initial . . . one young man whom we all know was nearly cut off with a shilling last month because his father opened one of his son's letters . . . and learnt much too much . . . to say the least of it. . . .

*Lord Fermoy, M.P. for King's Lynn, with his fiancée, Miss Ruth Gill, daughter of Col. W. S. Gill and Mrs. Gill, of Dalhebity, Bieldside, Aberdeenshire, whose marriage took place last week*

TALKING of sons . . . Randolph Churchill is good-looking . . . but not a bit like his father . . . but Randolph is not smart . . . generally a little untidy . . . there are very few smart young men to be seen nowadays. . . . Where are the equivalents to the pre-War nut? . . . Jock Jardine is very "dressy," but overdoes it . . . a little bit . . . I'm afraid . . . there is no one else outstanding . . . no Bond Street bloods . . . It is very sad. . . . Smartness is surely no crime.

*Mr. Cyril Kleinwort, youngest son of Sir Alexander Kleinwort, Bt., and Lady Kleinwort, with Miss Nancy Muriel Smith, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, of Sydney, Australia, to whom he has become engaged*

I WILL tell you people who are going to feel the financial depression . . . expensive dressmakers . . . for some time, Baa, dear, our richest and smartest have been patronising small, inexpensive dressmakers . . . letting them copy a model . . . and having from them an odd dress or two . . . . now they will go to them altogether.

* * *

I THOUGHT the Lido was to be quite out of fashion this year, but Daisy Bendix, who has just returned from there . . . says it was great fun . . . Diana Cooper, looking lovelier than ever, just wrested the beauty prize from Daphne Weymouth . . . and Mrs. Corrigan gave weird and wonderful parties to all the bright and brilliant people . . . there was, of course, the usual collection of good-looking . . . undesirable . . . impoverished noblemen looking for rich Americans of uncertain age . . . in most cases unsuccessfully . . . this year. . . . Darling, I must leave you . . . I require only peroxide and lemons. . . . I must be white again . . . wasn't that what one of our most-talked-of young marrieds said about her eye? . . . after he . . . no no . . . I must be careful. . . .

TWO OF THE GUESTS IN "GRAND HOTEL"

*One of the "snapshot" scenes at the Adelphi Theatre, where the temperamental Russian dancer, Grusikskaya (Elena Miramova) finds a lover in Baron von Gaigern (Hugh Williams), a young scoundrel who had gone to her rooms to rob her of her jewellery rather than her virtue*

*AT THE PLAY*

# 'ORRIBLE 'ORRORS IN THE OUTER

*SKETCHES OF "OFF THE MAP," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS*

*Dr. Frank Barlow (Edmund Willard) receives an unwelcome visitor in Lane (Austin Trevor) at his lonely island home, but is nevertheless a generous host with the whisky*

***"Off the Map," at the Little***

FROM a fairly intimate knowledge of the West Coast of Scotland, I can assert that Dr. Barlow was lucky in finding so well built a cottage as that he occupies on a small island in the outer Hebrides. He went there with a batman servant to escape the attention of a blackmailer who knew of an awkward incident in the doctor's past, and one which might have entailed a charge of murder at the Old Bailey. The doctor has no compunction in mentioning what this incident was, but explains that the illegal operation he performed was pour le bon motif!

SPENDING his time in the study of birds—of the feathered tribe—his solitude is broken in upon by the arrival of three passengers from a yacht, who visit the island because one of them is ill. They are crooks and have failed to pull off a burglary in Belfast, when, most unfortunately, a night watchman had his glim doused.

AND the real villain of the party is the gentleman who blackmailed the doctor in times past! A dual rôle of blackmailer and burglar is rare in the profession of crime, as Scotland Yard will confirm, but the author of *Off the Map*, Mr. Herbert Jones, may be forgiven for inventing so unique a character in that he has written quite a good play round him, so I am the last to object.

THE other two visitors from the yacht are a brother and sister, and it is the former who dies from a burn made, during the burglary, by an oxy-acetylene flame. The sister was at one time the principal villain's mistress, but love has turned to hate.

THE doctor, aided and abetted by his batman, has not the least hesitation in planning the murder of the blackmailing burglar because he has fallen for the girl, but he is forestalled by the ex-mistress, and when the head of the Ulster police appears on the scene, in a coat of the same name, we wonder how the guilty party will get away with a justifiable murder. Well, I think I will leave you wondering too!

THIS, to my mind, is a well-written, well-constructed, and exciting play which relies on character-drawing and atmosphere for its appeal, and the appeal is a strong one. Perfectly produced by Cedric Hardwicke, *Off the Map* is admirably acted. Edmund Willard, as the doctor, makes of him a real live character, but no more alive than the batman of Richard Goolden, who is a most amusing cuss. A really fine performance this. Lydia Sherwood plays the only woman's part with any amount of fire, and her outburst when she learns of her brother's death is powerful and affecting. Austin Trevor is the villain-in-chief, and makes the character the more convincing because it is painted with a light touch. Sam Livesey is authoritative as the Ulster policeman, but the author killed the wounded man too quickly to allow Philip Morant much of a show. This is something new in crook drama, and should be seen by all lovers of criminology.

***"A Trip to Scarborough," at the St. James's***

IT is possible that this revival of Sir Barry Jackson's may have been found enjoyable when produced, as it was lately, amidst the hills of bracing Malvern, where the festival spirit is strong, but I cannot imagine *A Trip to Scarborough* having a long run at the St. James's Theatre.

*Retribution! Mary Fielding (Lydia Sherwood) pots Lane (Edmund Willard) and Pooley (Richard Goolden), who had*

# 'EBRIDES SPECIAL! — By Vernon Woodhouse

*When someone arrives suddenly and unexpectedly upon an almost uninhabited island it is likely to cause consternation, especially to one with a guilty conscience. Hence the apparition of "another Bird-Watcher" (San Livesey) upsets Mary Fielding (Lydia Sherwood)*

"WHAT'S in a name?" is a hackneyed question, to which the answer should be "A devil of a lot," for I decline to believe that this play would be revived nowadays were not Sheridan's name attached to it. The plot is complicated and boring; the dialogue is not particularly witty, though possessing a certain amount of polish; and the characters, with one exception, are mere puppets.

That one exception is Lord Foppington, the wealthy exquisite, who, as played by Ernest Thesiger, seems all the more amusing and all the more vital because of the dullness of the rest. Yes, Ernest Thesiger is given the material, and walks off with all the honours.

*(Austin Trevor, collapsed, centre), to the annoyance of Dr. Barlow (Edmund themselves planned to do the gentleman in in quite another manner*

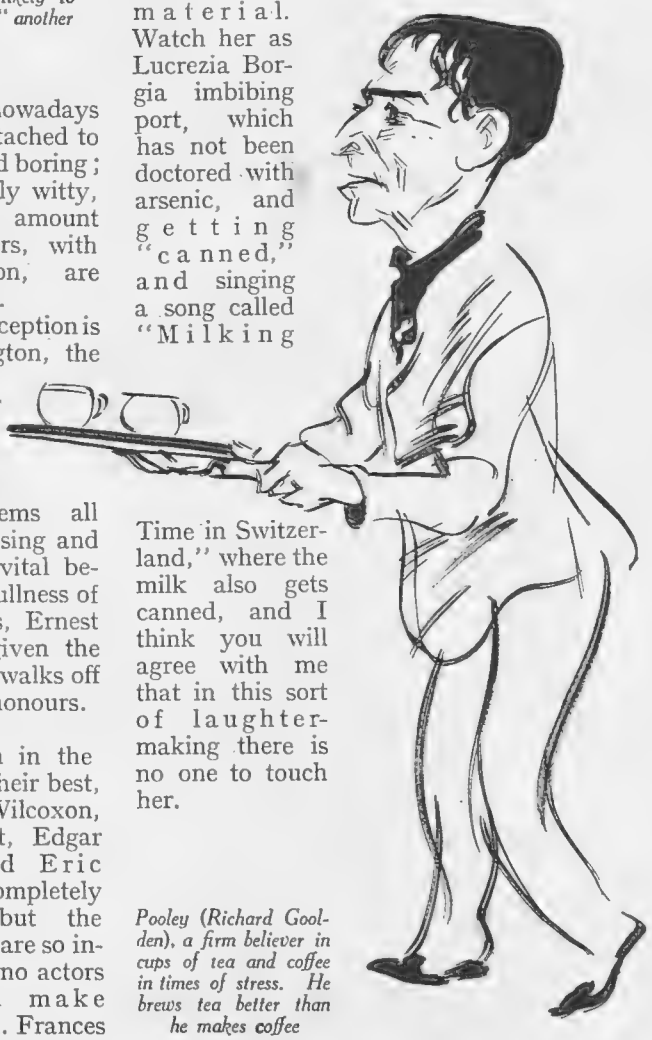
OTHER men in the cast do their best, and Harry Wilcoxon, Robert Donat, Edgar Norfolk, and Eric Stanley are completely competent, but the parts they fill are so ineffective that no actors living could make much of them. Frances Carson and Gillian Lind wear their clothes with an air, but the former's diction is, on occasions, none too clear. Perhaps she thought that some of her lines were hardly worth hearing. In this I agree with her.

***"Folly to be Wiser," at the Piccadilly.***

"FOLLY TO BE WISE," when previously seen at the Piccadilly, was one of the cheeriest revues ever seen. Returning once more to London, the title has been altered to *Folly to be Wiser*, but little else has been altered, thank goodness.

WHILE Cicely Courtneidge still performs prodigies with a razor in a lady barber's, and as one of "Les Cinq Citrons" sets the house rocking with her agonised efforts at acrobatics, I maintain that these two turns are alone worth the money charged for admission.

BUT Cicely Courtneidge, who is the greatest burlesque actress of her day, has also some excellent new material. Watch her as Lucrezia Borgia imbibing port, which has not been doctored with arsenic, and getting "canned," and singing a song called "Milking Time in Switzerland," where the milk also gets canned, and I think you will agree with me that in this sort of laughter-making there is no one to touch her.



*Pooley (Richard Goolden), a firm believer in cups of tea and coffee in times of stress. He brews tea better than he makes coffee*

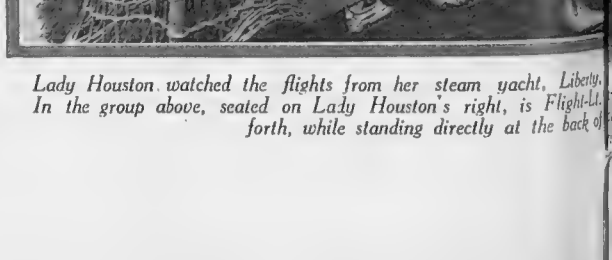
# THE FASTEST FLIGHT IN THE WORLD:

*After a postponement on account of bad weather on Saturday, September 12, the next day, though the thirteenth, was a lucky one, for it allowed the British Schneider Trophy pilots to have a "fly-over" and thus retain the trophy in perpetuity. Above is a picture taken at the banquet on board the White Star liner Homeric, showing Count Eitrin (Italian Air Attaché in London), Commander Boudoin, Mr. Handley Page and General Piccio (Italian Air Attaché in Paris)*

*Big crowds witnessed Britain's air triumph above the Solent, and on the left is Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth greeted by his wife and pet dog after a flight which averaged over 379 miles an hour. It was thought at one time that the average was as much as 386 miles an hour*



*Another group on board the Homeric lying in Cowes Roads, where visitors watched the flight for the Schneider Trophy Left to right: Sir Philip Sassoon, Lady Lambe, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Sir C. L. Lambe, and, with her back to the camera, Lady Salmond*



*Lady Houston watched the flights from her steam yacht, Liberty. In the group above, seated on Lady Houston's right, is Flight-Lt. forth, while standing directly at the back of*

# ENGLAND TRIUMPHS IN THE AIR

Sasha

*Top right : A part of the Schneider Trophy which was on view on board the Homeric. The marble plinth is adorned with octopi and crustaceans*

*Above : The scene on the deck of the Homeric, showing some of the spectators watching a flight in progress. The weather was delightfully fine, and it was an ideal day for flying*

*ad entertained the Schneider pilots and their wives to tea. oothman (the winner) ; on her left is Flight-Lt. Stain- eir hostess is Squadron-Leader Orlebar*

*Many notabilities went aboard the Homeric to watch Flight-Lt. Boothman win the Trophy outright at a speed of 340.08 m.p.h., among them being Miss Marjorie Leigh, daughter of Sir John Leigh, and Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, seen on the right*

# The GESTURE of the LOIN-CLOTH:

*Gandhi lands at Folkestone after travelling across France in the Blue Train with his entourage. He carries his rugs, and feels the climate chilly*

*Gandhi being interviewed. No prominent person has been more interviewed than he, and no one, not even excepting Mr. Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, has said less. Miss Slade is on the left, smiling at Gandhi's fencing gifts*

*Walks through mud and rain. The weather did not help the loin-cloth touch. Crowds watched his arrival in silence*

I WONDER if people here will sufficiently appreciate the fact that "Mahatma" Gandhi, as he is now being called by a deluded public, is using his piety and pose of mendicancy as a means to overthrow the British Raj in India. He has succeeded beyond belief in impressing the late Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and others who should know better. But will these antics, all part of his anti-British strategy, delude the British people? Let us hope not.

Every dispassionate observer of his political manœuvring must know that the little shrivelled, shaven, bespectacled, hairy-chested rebel, who has devoted half a lifetime to the art of subterfuge is far less a spiritual leader than an agitator. Were he otherwise, he would have been concerned now not with Round Table Conferences but with the hereafter of the deluded souls he has tried for more than a generation to madden into rebellion.

GANDHI was born into politics; the halo was an afterthought of middle-age and disappointment. Three generations of Gandhis, not content with the affluence that trade brought them, plunged into the affairs of petty States on the west coast of India, and wrenched out the prime-ministerial plum that has been proudly passed on like an heirloom from father to son. So, although the Gandhi we know was the youngest son of the fourth marriage of the Prime Minister of Porbandar (later Prime Minister of Rajkot, and later still Prime Minister of Vankaner), it was clear from the hour of his birth that his life should be devoted to politics. The prelude to politics was law. So Gandhi, who had been thrice engaged before he was six, and married when scarce thirteen, bade farewell to his wife and child and sailed for England.

HERE his nimble brain bore him swiftly through his courses, and he was called to the bar from the Inner Temple just as he came of age. He returned to India, set up in practice, but within a few months was dragged into a family intrigue that altered the entire flow of his future. A brother fell foul of the English authorities. Gandhi intervened; but he saw at a glance that his brother's case was weak. Nothing was achieved. It has been his greatest care ever since to arrange the lights so that in the hour of crisis he may bow in the most favourable glow. That is why, after every awkward adventure, after every ugly display of rioting, he is so ready to beat his breast and fast, and to abandon all his manœuvres. No actor-manager could be more fastidious of effects.

GANDHI is a showman, an absolute master of strategy. He recognised from the very outset of his campaign that it would be impossible to rouse and arm such a diversified conglomeration of peoples as we conveniently call Indians. Consider the hundreds of equally distinct races who occupy the mountains, deserts, plains,

# GANDHI

By R. J. MINNEY

*Gandhi's first visit to the Round Table Conference at St. James's Palace, where the vow of silence caused a self-imposed dumbness. The British public's curiosity to hear if he has anything concrete to say was unsatisfied*

***Mr. R. J. Minney, who contributes this powerful indictment of Gandhi, is the author of the recent life of Clive, which has attracted world-wide attention. He knows India well, having been on the staff of "The Pioneer," Allahabad, "The Englishman," Calcutta, represented "The Times" in India, and was the special Press representative with the Duke of Connaught in his Indian tour in 1920***

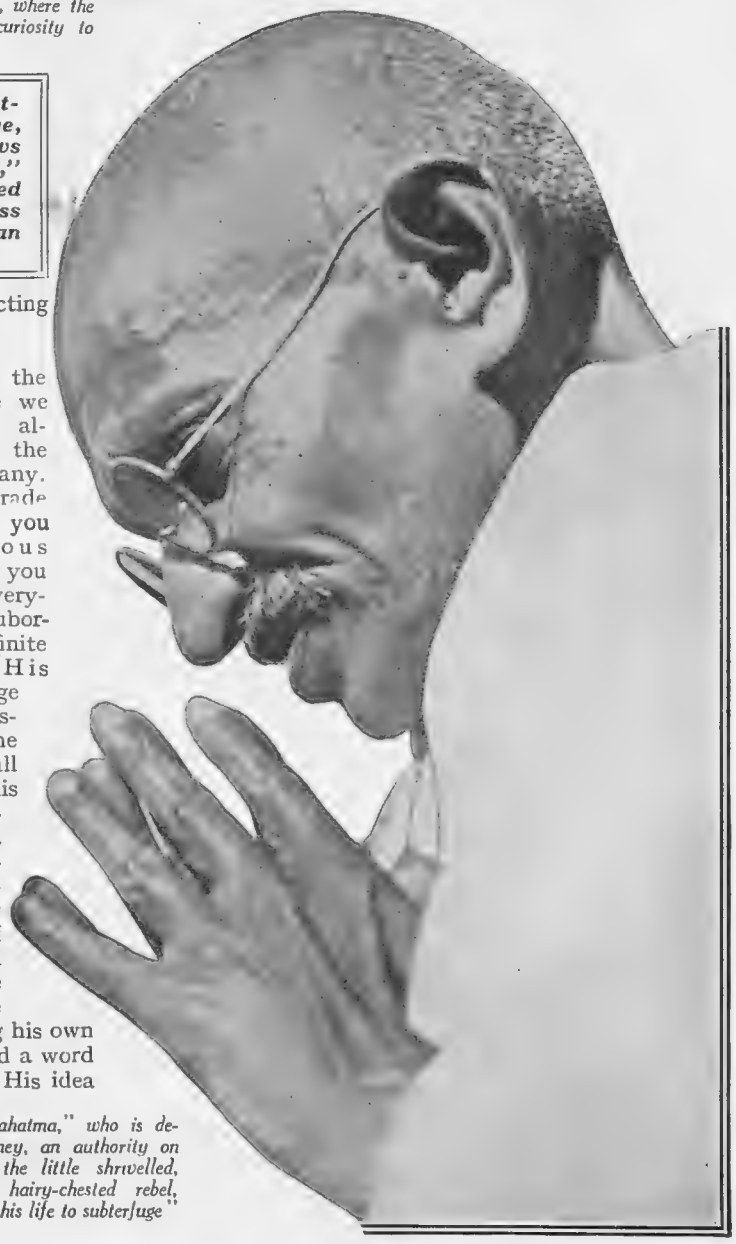
jungles and riverlands of India, speaking 723 languages, worshipping a thousand gods. They have nothing in common: not race, not even climate. Only one virtue is capable of winning their admiration and commanding their respect, and that is a pious poverty. The naked mendicant who sings his way from village to village, carrying a beggar's bowl, will receive the charity of all. In return they will beg his benediction, for do not all native legends declare that just so do the gods prowl along the wayside, prying into human hearts?

So Gandhi, who had broken every law in the Hindu calendar, had eaten meat, snipped off the sacred tuft of hair from his head, stolen money from his own servants, visited brothels five times (hopefully but unadventurously, he confesses in his autobiography), suddenly abandoned his clothes and took to the simple life. He wore no more the dress suit he had bought in Bond Street; nor did he wish to remember those strenuous efforts to learn dancing, so that he might prance more rhythmically with the blonde beauties he escorted of an evening from his West Kensington boarding house. Nor his agonising, stuck-up collar; the middle-parting in his hair that it had taken an hour to comb with accuracy; and that first encounter with a silk hat which he had stroked the wrong way, half expecting it to purr.

He became the stark figure we know, and won almost instantly the veneration of many. He made a big parade of humility. If you survey this pious rebel's career you will find that everything has been subordinated to a definite political end. His idea is to damage the Sahib's prestige. Hence the loin-cloth on all occasions, and his insistence on Hindustani at a viceregal meeting at Simla, although he knew that very few of those assembled around the conference table, even among his own people, understood a word of the language. His idea was to startle and impress, to have it said—as, indeed, it was said—that in the haunt of Viceroys Gandhi was able to raise his shaven head in defiance. His nimble mind baulks at no hurdle, either of consistency or sentiment.

He crushes conscience and scruple, driving men and women to gaol on the slenderest pretexts in the hope that their plight shall rouse the world; he poses constantly, if inelegantly, as a nation's martyr, appreciating that this alone is the surest path to popularity. "Don't punish them," he bleats after every agony of riot and bloodshed due to his own provocation; "it is not their fault, but mine. They have not yet, unhappily, absorbed my doctrine of non-violence. I must fast as a penance. Let me suffer on their behalf." So for every Englishman and Englishwoman murdered Gandhi goes without one meal, which is of small consequence to him since he sets no store at all by food. Then, with a fresh mutter of "non-violence" he proceeds to inflame the multitude

(Continued on page 660)



*A study of the "Mahatma," who is described by Mr. Minney, an authority on modern India, as "the little shrivelled, shaven, bespectacled, hairy-chested rebel, who has devoted half his life to subterfuge"*

# "KIM" writes on THE NEW RECRUITS

AH, my Lord Inchcape, so you have joined up at last . . . a wise man, a great merchant prince, a life-long Free Trader converted at last! . . . But why, let me ask you, my Lord, have you taken all these years to realise what apparently lesser brains long ago knew, namely, that Free Trade was ruining the country and would bring us down on our knees in the end? Had you not enough vision to see that shipping, your great vocation, could not pay if cargoes were only coming in and not going out? Did you think *very* imperially, Lord Inchcape? . . . Well, well, you know better now. Glad you have toed the line at last. . . .

YOU, Mr. Runciman . . . another of the shipping fraternity . . . even yet your conversion is timid and halting . . . You would prohibit luxuries, but still let the Russians ruin the farmers by dumping their cheap slave-labour produce, and the Japanese throw their sweated goods into the market and close down more factories . . . Why are men like you ever leaders when so little vision is apparent? . . .

SIR JOHN SIMON! . . . Welcome, Sir John! You have learned a lot in the last few years, since you went to India and broadened a former academic outlook . . . Now you come out solid and without equivocation. . . . Your real place to-day is in a National Government as Secretary of State for India. . . . Doubtless we shall see you there soon, when the wretched fiasco of the Round Table Conference pulls down the curtain on Mr. Gandhi and his rabble. . . . Fall into line, Sir John. . . . The next one? Ah, Mr. Winston Churchill! This is indeed a surprise . . . Yet you have been hovering on the brink for some considerable time . . .

*LORD BEAVERBROOK*

*who sees his policy gaining new recruits almost hourly. He has been publishing manifestos to demand an immediate tariff*

YOU have taken the plunge, Winston. Find it refreshing, don't you? Why didn't you do it a year ago, when more than half of the Conservative Party wanted you as their leader and the rest objected because you were apparently still worshipping in the Tabernacle of Cobden? You have been a great figure in world politics for many years, and definitely a leader among a horde of mediocrities. You are the one man in the front rank of statesmen with enough courage to speak out against the Defeatists, and they have thrown you to a back bench in consequence . . . which soon they will deeply regret. Now you want a tariff without an immediate election. . . . Like Sir John Simon, you want an emergency tariff, and so does an overwhelming majority of the country, curiously enough! And what about it? Will the Triumvirate of Mr. Snowden, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir Herbert Samuel, continue to fiddle while Rome burns? Is the ugly abyss between Imports and Exports to be widened while they amuse themselves with increased taxation and no tariffs, which is adding to unemployment? What a paradox it all is . . . a "National Government" that hugs an outworn creed because the remedy is a "party" matter!

WHILST you, and Sir John Simon, and others were showing the way . . . which Lord Beaverbrook, do not forget, has shown for two years and been roundly abused for it . . . the Triumvirate were silent, embarrassed. . . . Mr. Baldwin has remained mum. . . . Mr. Snowden said that Sir John's and other speeches, like yours, were "barren of practical suggestions"! What he meant was they were impracticable to a man who hugged his Free Trade illusions to his breast. Well . . . these few obstructionists must be removed. . . . The Liberal Party is as dead as mutton, anyway, unless it embraces tariffs. But when the nation is asked to make sacrifices—and dickens of sacrifices they are—it is time Mr. Snowden and a few others gave up their threadbare Free Trade ideas or made way for others. . . . Why should this man's prejudices ruin the country?

TOE the line, gentlemen! . . . One word with you all. . . . Put in the energy we expect of new recruits. Make the world realise that directly a scientific tariff is functioning the Dead Hand which has oppressed Britain for so many years will be removed. . . . Factories will be busy and the land will come into its own. The miasma which has spread like a sleeping sickness everywhere throughout the Empire will vanish almost in a night. . . . How can you blame the Gandhis and others for their doubts about the ruling genius of Englishmen if you think more of the foreigner and rebel than of the patriot? . . . You will find India, Egypt, Australia . . . all the dissatisfied Dominions coming back and asking only for your favours . . . Gentlemen . . . remember what your country expects . . . Dismiss!

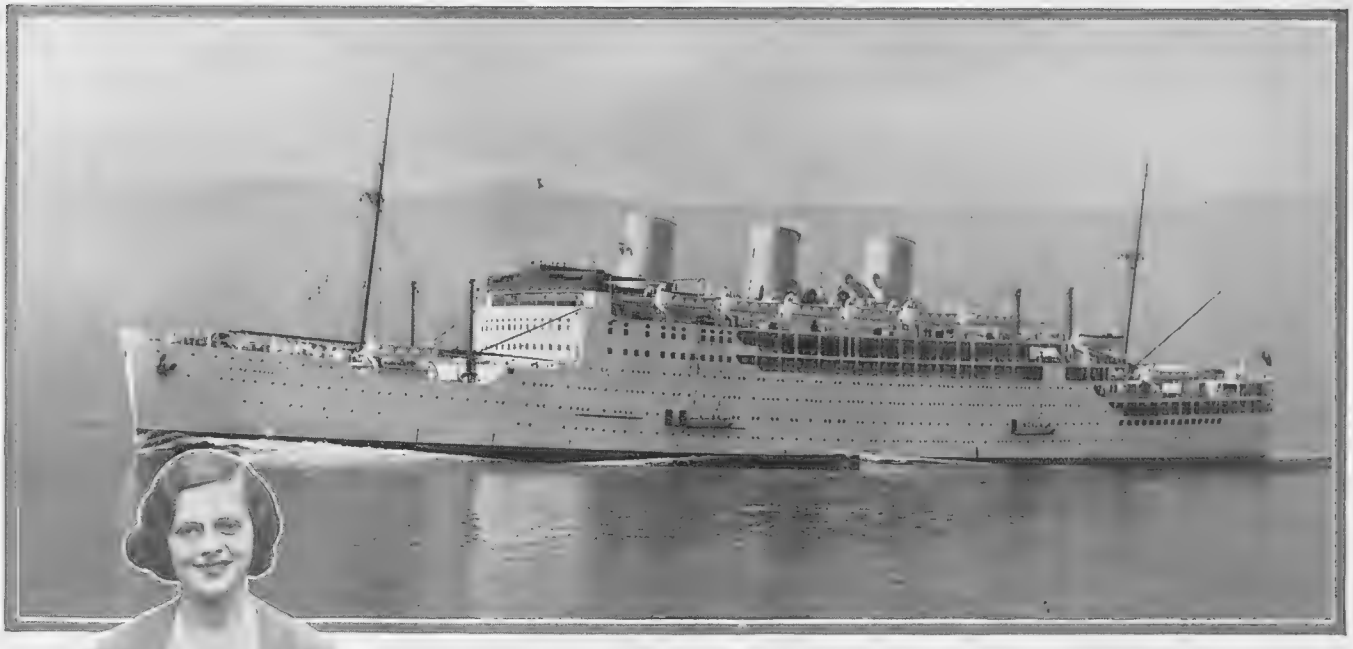
AN AMUSING STRUBE CARTOON

*From the "Daily Express."*

BY STAN TERRY

ACTRESS (to ditto): *"Yeah! The only time you played to a capacity crowd was when you fainted in the tube!"*

# if Gossip we must

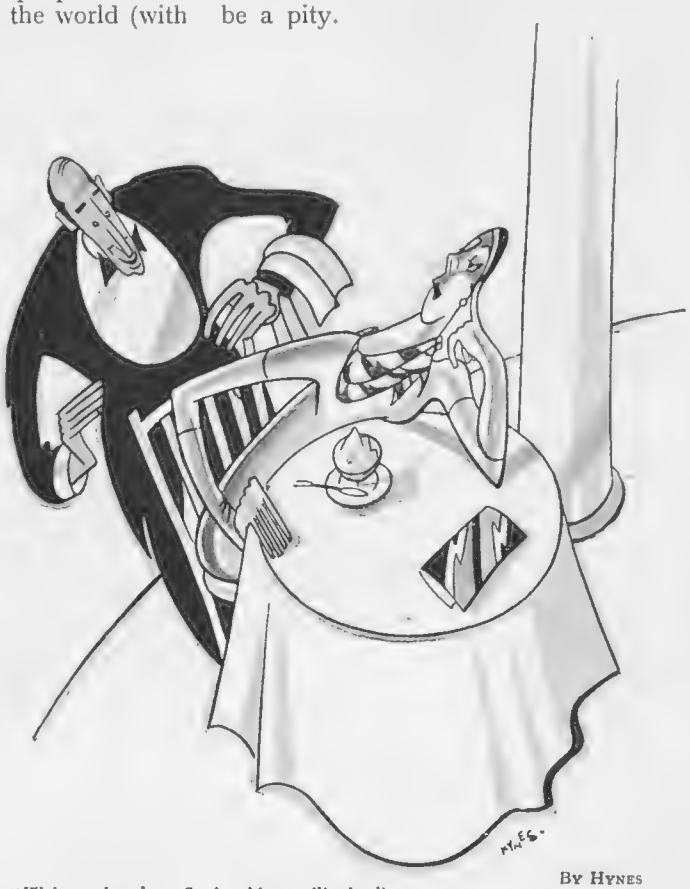


*A striking photograph of the new P. and O. turbo-electric ship, Strathnaver, of 22,000 tons, taken while doing her speed trials on the measured mile off the Isle of Arran. While thus engaged she was the antithesis of "a painted ship upon a painted ocean"*

*Celia Johnson who in two years has become a theatrical star, will shortly appear as Ophelia in a New York production of 'Hamlet.' She is seen above, "with friend"*

IN spite of the alarms and excursions of the Budget, the news that we have to pay more for everything and have less to pay it with, the spiteful attacks on a Government which deserves its label "National," and other unpleasantnesses of what the late Lord Rosebery called "the foul-smelling bog of party politics," London manages to be pretty cheerful. That is because Londoners happen, on the whole, to be rather remarkable people. There is no other capital in the world (with the possible exception of certain Scandinavian ones) which would have come through those strenuous days without bloodshed. Even in methodical Germany they have been known to give way to street fighting when they proceed to "declaim, with no little heat, their various opinions."

ALL that happened here was that a few Communists had a dust-up with mounted police in Whitehall; and I firmly believe that some of these were simply harmless people who had assembled to see the floodlighting, had found themselves pushed by chance into the front of the crowd, and had received a knock over the head in consequence. Let us sincerely hope that as a result of this adventure they are not Communists now. That would be a pity.



By Hynes

"Waiter, there's a fly in this vanilla ice"
"Pardon, madame, the fly think he is going in for winter sports. Yes?"

*Sir Barry Jackson's Malvern Festival production of the Sheridan-Vanbrugh play, "A Trip to Scarborough," opened at the St. James's Theatre last week, and the scene above is that between La Varole (Sidney Rennef) and Lord Foppington (Ernest Thesiger). Is it possible that the beauty of the latter's clothes will induce a spirit of emulation among our young bloods?*

ONE reason for the cheerfulness is that with tariffs at any rate in sight, business is looking a trifle more promising. What depresses and demoralises so hopelessly both nations and individuals is not so much being in a bad way as the feeling that nothing whatever is being done towards getting out of that bad way. At last we are getting a bit "forarder," and Lord Beaverbrook and those who have thought with him are no longer crusading with little apparent hope of success. The days when Empire Free Traders were regarded as plucky cranks or dangerous lunatics (according to taste) have vanished. The winning-post is nearly reached, with the Cobdenites already numbered among the "also rans."

THE Labour Opposition are in a bit of a mess. Arthur Henderson's first House of Commons speech as its leader was a poor effort; he seemed, as they used to say of the well-dressed man in the dock for the first time, "to feel his position acutely." Which was rather in his favour as a man. His party as a whole have proved not nearly so formidable as they were considered a fortnight ago, largely because they have shown that Labour has not as yet rid itself of narrow class obsession. The party is still full of petty venom, and is obviously incapable of taking a broad view of anything. A collection of the remarks, speeches, and interjections emanating from the Opposition in the course of the first few days of the Session would be overwhelming evidence of its bankruptcy of any ideas save one—the appeal to the grossest form of prejudice.

THE spectacle of the Opposition, which has the impudence to label itself the "National" Opposition, striving to make political capital by standing up against cuts to the vast majority of which they

*SEEN AT SCARBOROUGH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*

*Another scene from "A Trip to Scarborough," at the St. James's Theatre, showing Amanda (Gillian Lind) and Berinthia (Frances Carson). A review of this revival by our dramatic critic will be found on page 633*

themselves assented is pitiful enough. But there is something infinitely more sinister than that. Their own organ let the cat out of the bag with a nice big jump when it said, in a leading article: "Its (i.e., the Opposition's) constructive counter-proposals are in the making, and they will be submitted to the National Conference at Scarborough, for it is the Conference that has the supreme voice in pronouncements of policy."

I TRUST Mr. Henderson will enjoy his "trip to Scarborough," and that when he gets there he will have the good sense to tell his followers to drop that parrot-cry about "the bankers' ramp," a piece of jejune nonsense which, to give him his due, he has never himself adopted. Whether the aforesaid organ, which knows perfectly well that the bankers have not conspired together against the "Peepul," will drop it is more than doubtful. The *Herald's* latest cry, which it will probably call a "slogan," is "People *v.* Bankers"—and a sillier or more dishonest one I have never met.

*BERLIN'S YOUNG THINGS!*

*Girls of the Berlin Wintergarten Theatre giving a demonstration with Rhoen-wheels in the streets of that city. The entire absence of a crowd of lookers-on seems to suggest that such stunts are not uncommon in the capital of Germany!*

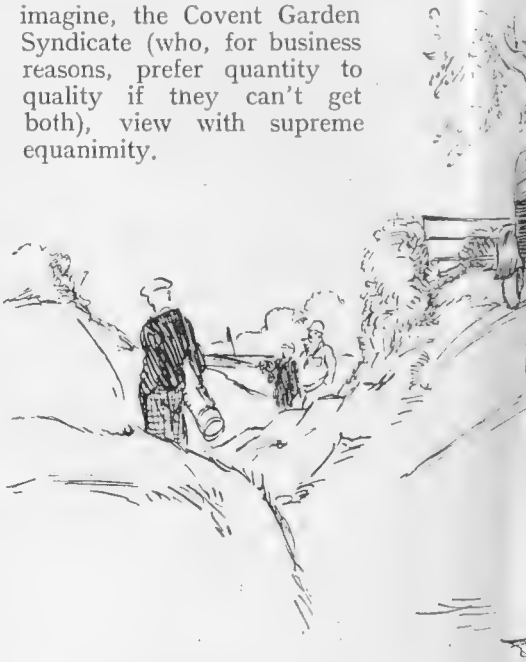
*Janet Jevons*

*"Nina Rosa," the musical play at the Gaiety Theatre, has now a new English leading lady, Helen Gilliland, seen above, who takes the part previously played by Ethelina Terry, of U.S.A.*

MY own "trip to Scarborough" took me no farther than the St. James's Theatre, where I saw the play of that name. This Sheridan-Vanbrugh classic was produced originally in 1777, when the people really did have something to grumble about. I am not any too sure that the people in the St. James's Theatre that night did not also have something to grumble about. But I will not trespass on the grounds of the dramatic critic. I left it half-way through for *The Bartered Bride* at Covent Garden—and leave it at that in both senses.

MOST persistently have I sought to explode the fixed notion that people with expensive clothes and possessed of social eminence are not incapable of being fond of opera. In other words, that it is a fallacy to suppose that the people who flock to Covent Garden in the summer do so only because it is a smart thing to do. At last I am wondering whether this *is* such a fallacy after all. For whatever the opening night of the autumn opera season was, it was not smart. There was a large and enthusiastic audience and a superb performance of Smetana's masterpiece.

BUT that audience did not bristle with social celebrities—a fact which the music-lovers and, I imagine, the Covent Garden Syndicate (who, for business reasons, prefer quantity to quality if they can't get both), view with supreme equanimity.



CADDIE (*at the end of a round*): "Your slicing

## VIVE LE SPORT!

**In the course of one week the Americans, Commodore Gar Wood and Canzoneri, defeated their British opponents in motor boat racing and boxing respectively by sharp practices and fouls.**

*OH, let us here in England raise*
*Our voices in a hymn of praise*
*And honour to the U.S.A.,*
*Who've made sport what it is to-day,*
*And vow forthwith to do our best*
*Our future efforts to invest*
*With that fine altruistic touch*
*Which, in the States, means oh, so much,*
*And strain each nerve as sportsmen must*
*To win at any price—or bust*

*But where in England can we find*
*A man of such a noble mind*
*As honest Commodore Gar Wood*
*Who, when defeat seemed certain, stood*
*And faced the foe with so much pluck*
*Poor England's chances came unstuck!*
*Alas! Our sportsmen, feeble mutts,*
*Lack what is crudely called the guts*
*To snatch a win from sure defeat*
*When all they have to do is cheat!*

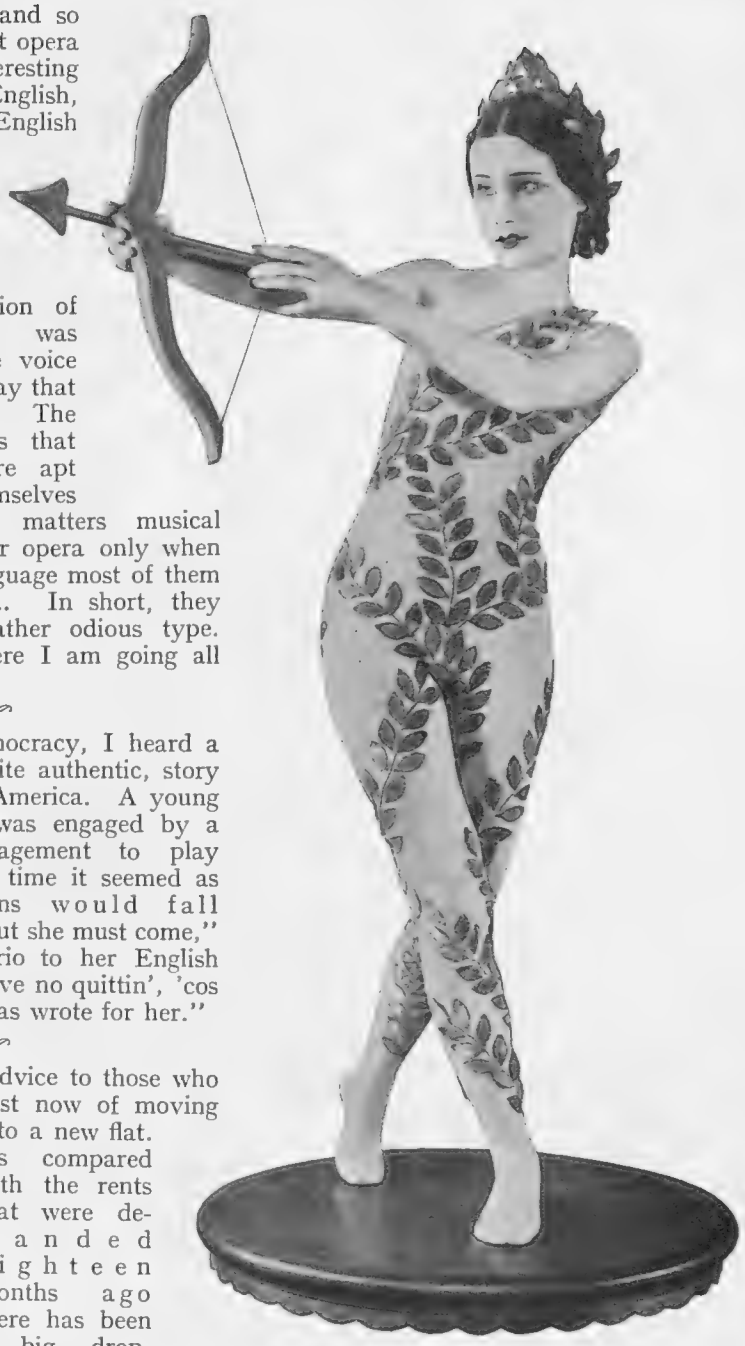
*But let us all, both small and great,*
*Take solemn vows to emulate*
*The noble Canzoneri and*
*The chivalrous Gar Wood whose hand*
*Is ever turned to deal a blow*
*(Beneath the belt) to any foe*
*Who dares to make his chance seem thin—*
*"'Tis better far to cheat and win*
*Than never to have won at all,"*
*Shall be our sportsmen's clarion call!*

*B. W.*

WHERE were all the people—their names appear ad libitum, ad nauseam, and advertisement in the social paragraphs—who filled the corridors of Covent Garden and the Lyceum in June with sibilant chatter about art and music? They surely cannot all of them be at the Lido or shooting in Scotland, or sun-bathing at Juan-les-Pins, and so forth. To say that opera ceases to be interesting because it is in English, or to say that the English voices at Covent Garden in September are not as good as those at the Lyceum in the early summer (with the exception of Chaliapin there was hardly a passable voice there at all) is to say that which is absurd. The only deduction is that this set, who are apt to claim for themselves a monopoly in matters musical and artistic, prefer opera only when it is sung in a language most of them cannot understand. In short, they are snobs of a rather odious type. Good heavens, here I am going all democratic!

By Bertram Prance

ettling a bit serious sir You're even beginning to slice my tip!"



*EVELYNETTE*

*A striking figure who appears, but only for a few moments, as a female cupid in the classical ballet staged in "Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra Theatre. This play, with Strauss music, is one of the hits of the season*

TALKING of democracy, I heard a good, and quite authentic, story from democratic America. A young English actress was engaged by a New York management to play Ophelia. At one time it seemed as if the negotiations would fall through. "Gee, but she must come," said the impressario to her English agent, "I can't have no quittin', 'cos I guess the part was wrote for her."

JUST a word of advice to those who are thinking just now of moving into a new flat. As compared with the rents that were demanded eighteen months ago there has been a big drop, but, an estate-agent friend tells me, the bottom of the market is not yet reached and prices will go lower still. This refers more particularly to the type which is not of the luxury variety, but to those for which at the present time landlords are asking about two hundred a year. I think the reason is obvious. The middle classes, hard hit by taxation previously, are now still more hard hit, and consequently, nowadays, "no reasonable offer is refused" by landlords.

THE really silly story can sometimes be a gem. I like that of a girl who was walking along the street with one foot on the pavement and the other foot in the gutter.

"Excuse me," said a well-meaning passer-by, "but are you aware, Miss, that you are walking with one foot on the pavement and the other in the gutter?"

"Am I?" was the reply. "Thank you *so* much. I thought I was lame!"

# Fashion—The Art of Plastic Beauty

By
BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

*With exclusive photographs by Scaioni, Paris*

***Miss Elliott has been visiting all the principal couturiers of Paris on behalf of "The Bystander" and gives her readers the latest ideas of the new season's fashions***

When the burst of excitement of the big openings is over, the chatterings have died down, and the first bunch of frenzied orders have been despatched, one may examine at leisure, and to some purpose, their net result. One can then best analyse those models that have been most successful and the trends most approved of by foreign buyers, and the even more important private clientele. There has been much talk over the apparition of bustles and boned bodices, and war-whoopings in England over a Victorian revival, but the idea has its foundation in models that were more fancy than real. While modern woman is willing to be influenced by a bygone mode in her reaction towards a greater femininity, it is more than unlikely that she will go back to cumbersome styles totally unsuitable for her present-day activities. Indeed, most big couturiers are indignant at the mere suggestion of this "period" pageant.

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It is true that where an English and American taste is most catered for there have been a few models shown of bows being placed where the bustle used to be and, where the modern décolletage now ends, of an occasional frilled, trained skirt with pulled-back fullness to drape upwards to the back of the waist, but the truly French opinion is averse, as it always has been, to all exaggeration as a breach of good taste.

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Lelong is particularly emphatic on the subject, and says that this is no time for précieuses ridicules. "He refuses to steep himself in the pseudo-romantic atmosphere of 'happy days gone by' after having experienced the vital thrill of living in an epoch of intense realism." He considers that "the gestures that went with a Watteau fan are not appropriate to a steering-wheel"; nor does he consider inspiration can be sought in the "musty archives" of libraries; for "a return to the past, a conscious aping of worn-out modes, means the making of 'costumes,' but not the creation of a mode."

*A touch of leopard skin adds great chic to this knitted cap worn very much on one side. Model Rose Valois*

Actually the new line seems to have become straighter and more elongated. When the waistline *is* marked, it is at a higher point, but by no means breaks the long, straight silhouette. The effect aimed at is an unbroken line, slim and svelte, and any addition of frills or drapery do not begin until below the hips, so as to interrupt the eye as little as possible. Patou launched so new an evening mode that one was frankly not prepared for it. He makes a simple bodice, with a high waist in front, cut with a high décolletage, the material being continued over the shoulder by scarf ends, or braces and straps, to end a bow or tie at the waist behind. The suppression of shoulder straps and the continued bare back is a feature of evening gowns. With this the skirt was cut in long, flowing, unbroken lines to the feet, with closely moulded hip, in simple lines which recalled the pyjama, the latter, incidentally, being completely absent from any collection except as a négligée. There were a few trained dresses shown, chiefly by Worth, but skirt lengths on the whole were the practical just-off or just-on-the-ground length.

S

Regarding colours, there is a great emphasis everywhere on brown for both day and evening wear. A new tone being an almost black-brown or real tête de nègre. Patou calls his brown "caroub." There is also much green shown in a lovely light grass shade, often combined with brown and black. A black suit by Worth was wonderfully enlivened by a green blouse, while delicious little green dresses emerged vividly from beneath long brown coats, giving a touch of welcome freshness. Surely it is time that the silly superstition that green is "unlucky" should be allowed to die out in this country, as there is so much youth and brightness about this alive colour. Purple in all shades is shown, much dark blue and some deep wine reds, with many very pale tones for evening.

S

Amongst the new materials is an uncut velvet which looks cottony, rather like fine Turkish towelling, and has a very dull surface. Ordinary cotton or silk-backed velvet is used, and one with a rib like corduroy. Faille, lace, some taffeta, and heavy crêpes are chiefly shown for evening. For day there are English suitings, woollens with a

*Very original is this short bolero of black breitschwantz fastened on one side in military fashion. Model Schiaparelli*

rough, rather pimply surface as though threads had been woven unevenly, while velvet appeared to create many coats and skirts.

JERSEYS are, happily, back in favour, a new chenille jersey being particularly attractive and soft in its weave, yet firm enough to make the long coat as well as the accompanying dress, and looking not unlike the loosely woven woollens we had in the summer. B. B. E.

*Lanvin repeats her success of last year in another sumptuous robe de style of silver lamé. It is made with a simple bodice with cowl drapery and a full skirt ending in a train. Model Lanvin*

# "ELEVENS'S" IN KENSINGTON By Peter Trevor

SCENE: *A teashop in Kensington. Time between* 11 *a.m. and noon. Small tables are dotted about almost completely surrounded by females. Hebes are busily attending to the wants of the various customers. Amidst the giving of orders for coffee, cakes, port and sherry the following fragments of speech have been preserved.*

### Days of Economy

"IT'S such a pity to spoil the market, if you know what I mean. . . . Yes, and that's the reason if some silly customer has left threepence for the waitress, and I see the coins on the table, why I always take one away. What do I do with it? Why, add it to my tip, of course, only *then* I only give a penny instead of twopence. You'll get no attention at all if people throw their money about so . . ."

### Woman's Weary Round

"YES, that's what *I* say. When you've been married as long as I have you'll know men are *all* the same. Charles doesn't *realise* how much we wives have to do. Really, thanks to the worries of housekeeping, I haven't a moment I can call my own. A *never-ending* round of toil, that's what it is. Why, only this afternoon I shall have to break up a perfectly priceless Bridge four quite early because I really *must* interview a new maid. It's absolutely *devastating*. Simply *couldn't* call at any other time. So inconsiderate. . . No, I wish I could, but I'm booked every afternoon next week. . . . The mornings? Well, we *might* meet for another cup of coffee on Friday. I do *love* having a chat with you. But on Monday I must have my hair washed. Tuesday is my manicure. On Wednesday I've . . ."

### Ringing the Changes

"YES, three cakes, or was it four? Oh, you *did* have two? Then it was four . . . and two cups of coffee. . . . No, I'll pay. . . . I did last time? I really had forgotten. . . . No, you'd better let *me* pay. . . . Yes, that's right, I do owe you two and nine, and I'll take it out of that if you insist. . . . The bill is two and three? There, now! I've only got one and eight in small change, and I don't want to break into a note. Will you lend me . . . what *is* one and eight from two and three? . . . Seven pence? Are you sure? Then you give me sevenpence, and I'll owe you two and nine and sevenpence . . . No, I don't, because you want to pay this bill. . . . Oh, we've forgotten the waitress. Will you lend me another threepence? Now how do we stand? I'm getting all mixed up! What have you given me already? . . . I can't remember either. How very amusing. I think, after all, I'd better change that pound note and then I can pay you the two and three I owe you, and we'll start again. . . . Two and nine? No, the bill is two and three? That's funny! Then, to start with, you owe me sixpence. If you'll pay me that, then . . ."

### At Second Hand

"YES, she's a very great friend of mine. . . . A climber? . . . Well, dear, she isn't the only one who would give her soul for a little newspaper publicity. . . . Hard up? Of course, but who isn't nowadays. . . . Able to afford those frocks? . . . Well, it's possible as you say. I know he's devoted to her, but then she's such a darling: who isn't? . . . But I know exactly what happened about that particular frock if you'll promise not to repeat it. . . . Yes, the one she wore at Lady Devson's charity ball. . . . Yes, we were both there, but ours weren't illustrated in the newspapers. . . As you say, *we* don't ask fashion writers to luncheon! Well, the frock she wore that night, and which was so puffed, was bought *second-hand* from a dress agency. . . . Madame Dupont, who runs it, is a personal friend of mine, and she told me . . ."

BY RIDGEWELL

"Don't you think you might get on better, Cyril, if you smoked a pipe like that?"

### The Bridge of Sighs

". . . and after a no bid I went one spade on four to the ace, king, knave; four diamonds to king, queen; two clubs to the king; and three hearts to the queen. No bid on my left, and my partner—it was Geoffrey Marriner, you know him? A nice boy, but erratic—thought and thought and thought, and then jumped me to *three* diamonds. What did he want me to do? Well, with so many losing cards in my hand I feared to call game, and we missed a slam! You see, I was playing Culbertson, and he was playing Lenz, and it was a *forcing* call. He was *fearfully* annoyed, but I squashed him completely by saying I could not possibly read his hand, as my spectacles weren't fitted with that type of lens! Rather witty, what? Another time I was playing . . ." *(and so on ad infinitum).*

### Straight from the Horse's Mouth

"OH, but I know it for a fact. Yes, my dear, a complete break. She slapped his face and fled the house, and I don't blame her. I should have done exactly the same in her place. . . . What do you say, dear? Oh, but should I say such a thing if I *wasn't* sure? These stage folk are all alike. They're promiscuous—yes, promiscuous is the word. He has been having an affair with the Montressor woman for weeks and weeks, and poor Iris is heartbroken. She vows she'll never speak to him again. What? Iris and her husband buying cakes here now? So they are!!! Well, I am surprised! How such stories get about I really don't know."

### A Scene in the Shop

"BUT I can't understand why you sent me a ginger cake? I never ordered one. . . . The gentleman did? Edward, did you order a ginger cake to be sent? . . . And why 'of course'? . . . *I* said I wanted one? Don't be absurd, Edward. You know I never touch it. . . . I *did* not say so. I say I did *not* say so! . . . Don't argue with me, Edward!! . . . You couldn't have invented a ginger cake? No, but your hearing's getting worse and worse . . . an absurd mistake, but yours, *not* mine. . . . Your messenger will call for its return? That's most obliging of you. . . . No, no, no, Edward, I did not say ginger cake. How you keep on *harping!* And when your messenger calls for the cake will you please get him to deliver a dozen fresh bath buns. . . . No, Edward, I am not sheltering myself behind bath buns. . . . You did! You did!! You did!!! If you can't be trusted to do shopping for me without making absurd mistakes. . . . Edward! Edward!! wait for me!"

# PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR

The Annual Photographic Exhibition by Amateurs is being shown at the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, Russell Square, W.C.1, and the Professionals at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall

## THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH

*This fine landscape by Mr. H. A. Mutch, exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, is considered one of the pictures of the year. It was taken from the track leading from Watendlath to Borrowdale in the Lake District. This Exhibition, to which admission is free, remains open until October 10th*

# STRIKING STUDIES FROM THE

"A FAIR LADY"

*Year by year there is a distinct advance in the technique of photography which shows evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution. Above is a study by Yevonde, entitled "A Fair Lady," which is charming both in lighting and composition*

"THE IM

*This figure, with its sculpture-like effect, is the it "The Imp" and the title is not inept. this year, but room could only be fou*

# LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY

MP"
*thic work of Marcus Adams. He calls . Four thousand entries were received found for four hundred pictures*

"SALOME"
*This fine study by D. Ronay, of Budapest, called "Salome," is another attractive picture to be seen at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and is as truly entitled to be considered a work of pictorial art as a water colour, etching, or oil painting. British exhibitors provide more than half the exhibits in the galleries*

## "THE BATHERS"

*Another picture hung at the Suffolk Galleries, where the London Salon of Photography is being held. The work of K. Ikegawa the artist has overcome the difficulties of outdoor lighting with extraordinary cleverness. These bathers in a quiet river compose well both as a group and individually, and the whole effect is one of sylvan charm. This exhibition is one that everybody interested in modern art should not fail to visit*

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# A Trip to Paris

## by Arndt Giusti

"This is the room, monsieur."

"Thanks. It's a nice room."

"Does it appear satisfactory to madame?"

"Thanks. Quite."

"Does madame or monsieur require anything further?"

"Er—no, thanks."

Jimmy gave the garçon the tip he was waiting for.

"Merci bien. Bon jour, monsieur and madame."

The door closed after him, and Jimmy heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, here we are, Liz."

"This is a nice room, isn't it, darling?"

Throwing her arms round him, Lizzie gave him a kiss. It restored Jimmy wonderfully. Suddenly Lizzie started to laugh.

"You know, dear, while you were registering downstairs you turned as red as a lobster."

"I did nothing of the sort," he said indignantly.

But it was quite true. Whenever Jimmy was embarrassed, his good-natured round face—more particularly his ears and his nose—grew redder than nature had intended. And he had never in all his forty-three years been more embarrassed than when he registered Lizzie and himself as *James Campbell and wife*.

Of course, he had made a mountain out of a molehill. He realised that now. The hotel porter had suspected nothing, nor was there any chance of his being found out. It would be what Lizzie and he had planned that evening a week ago in the "Plough"—a pleasant little adventure.

"I must have a cigarette before I unpack."

Lizzie threw herself on the big old-fashioned bed and Jimmy gave her a light.

"I think I'll unpack now."

He proceeded to do so, carefully and thoroughly, for he liked to have everything just so. Had his wife been there instead of Lizzie she would have done the unpacking for him. But that never occurred to him. He had brought along an extra suit of clothes and a dinner jacket, and he brushed them out and hung them in the wardrobe. Then he put his shirts and socks and collars neatly away in the chest of drawers. He was a methodical creature. He had begun his career with Woodrow and Sons, Ltd., as a book-keeper—he was now head buyer—and to have everything neat and orderly had become second nature to him.

He unpacked everything except a photograph of his wife and daughter, which he always took along when he travelled. It had been taken on his daughter's twelfth birthday, and Janet still wore pigtails and a ribbon. He glanced rather guiltily from the photograph to Lizzie sitting on the bed smoking her cigarette—what a fine pair of legs she had!

Then, resolutely, he closed the valise and put it in a corner.

Jimmy, it must be said, wouldn't have hurt his wife for the world. That morning at Victoria he had regretted the thing he was doing. It was dastardly! But what with the talk and the confusion he didn't have much time for thought; and, anyhow, it was too late then for him to change his mind. Lizzie was already on the train, in another carriage, to be sure; but as soon as they were under way they would be sitting together, and her new pigskin suitcase would be resting on the rack overhead next to the luncheon basket which his wife, who was always afraid he would eat something that didn't agree with him, had prepared with such loving care. Oh, it was a dastardly, a rotten thing to do!

Leaning out of the window of his second-class carriage, he waved his hand.

"Mind you're a good girl, Janet, and do what mother tells you, and I'll bring you back something nice."

His wife was weeping; she always wept when she saw him off. Janet, too, though for somewhat different reasons. She had hoped that he would take her with him. The Easter holidays would have made it possible, and he had, in fact, half promised—but that was before Lizzie and he had decided on their pleasant little adventure.

His wife did not know about Lizzie. It is more than likely that had anyone told her she would not have believed such a thing possible. For that matter, no one else in London knew. It may be that at the "Plough," where he had made Lizzie's acquaintance, one or two people suspected that their relationship was not altogether platonic. But Lizzie, as even her enemies admitted, knew how to hold her tongue. Though upon occasion she acted like one, she wasn't a bar-girl, but rather a bar-lady. Some people called her a "Bloomsbury character." It was she who had suggested going to Paris.

"It'll be great fun," she pointed out. "Just you and me, darling. And, after all, what your wife doesn't know won't hurt her."

Jimmy had resisted at first. But he was tempted. He told himself that he was going stale; he needed something to give him new life. An adventure! To take a lady friend over to Paris; it was just like a novel. And, as Lizzie had pointed out, what would be the harm? His wife would never know; they would take every possible precaution that nobody should know. And he did like Lizzie, with her short, bobbed hair, her neat little figure, and the saucy mouth that was made for kissing. She knew how to make him laugh, and she was never in a bad humour. Yes, she would be a jolly travelling companion. So it had come about, and here they were in an hotel in Montparnasse.

"This is life, Jimmy!"

Dangling her pretty legs from the bed, Lizzie blew him a kiss. From the boulevard below their window came the cheerful, hurdy-gurdy sounds peculiar to the streets in Paris; a rattling and humming and

*Illustrated by A. GALLAND*

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honking that fills the mind with restive thoughts and prepares it for the strange and the unexpected.

"Happy, dear?" asked Jimmy, as he sat beside her on the bed.

"Of course. And you?"

In truth, Jimmy felt rather tired after the trip from London. The crossing had been rough, and Lizzie and he had both been sick. They had landed at Calais looking like anything but lovers. Then the porter who took charge of their luggage kept them waiting at the Customs, and they were among the last to get on the train. It was crowded, they had uncomfortable seats, and the French people in the compartment with them refused to let Lizzie open the window. But the Customs inspector was very decent. He passed them through without bothering to look at anything. Lizzie didn't even have to unlock her new pigskin suitcase. It gave Jimmy no little satisfaction to be able to play the rôle of a seasoned traveller.

"It's always like this. They never make trouble for me. They know me, you see."

It was growing dark, and Jimmy got up to switch on the light.

"Oh, well," said Lizzie, "I suppose I had better unpack."

She opened her handbag and took out the key to the pig-skin suitcase.

"They certainly knocked it about. You'd never believe I bought it only yesterday."

She fitted the key in the lock. But something was wrong. It wouldn't turn.

"Here," said Jimmy, "let me do it."

Still, the lock didn't open.

"What can be the matter with it? It opened easily enough this morning."

"I don't know," said Jimmy. He tried again, unsuccessfully. "Are you sure it's the right key?"

"Of course. I haven't any other."

Finally Jimmy lost patience. "I suppose I'll have to force the lock."

"What a shame, darling! My nice new suitcase."

"Oh," he said, "we'll have it fixed tomorrow. It can't be helped."

The lock was stronger than he thought, and it took him some time to break it.

"There. At last!"

He opened the suitcase——

"Why, it isn't mine!" cried Lizzie.

It wasn't; it only looked like hers. The porter at Calais, in the confusion of people and luggage, must have made a mistake.

Lizzie was very much annoyed. But the next moment she gave a gasp of amazement.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"My God! Look——"

The contents of that suitcase were amazing indeed. A pocket-book filled with crisp new Bank of England notes! They stared at each other, speechless. And jewellery—the contents of a jewellery shop! A fortune lay in a little heap before them on the floor.

"I don't know what to make of it."

"Nor do I."

"What on earth are we going to do?"

"I've no idea. I suppose we ought to notify the police."

"I suppose so," agreed Lizzie.

"No," said Jimmy, "we can't do that."

If they did it would get into the papers. With his mind's eye he saw his wife reading about it in *The Times*. It would come out that Lizzie was living here as his wife. It might cost him his job. His wife might divorce him. There was no telling what might happen. No, whatever they did they couldn't go to the police.

"You understand, don't you, Liz?"

Lizzie did.

"But what *are* we going to do?" she asked. "We must do something."

That was evident. If the suitcase with its incriminating contents were found there they would be arrested. It wouldn't help them to tell the truth. The police wouldn't believe a word of it. It would have been bad enough in England, but in a foreign country—in France it was a thousand times worse.

"If we only knew to whom the stuff belonged," said Jimmy vaguely.

"It may be even worse than we think," suggested Lizzie with a shudder. "Perhaps there was a murder——"

JIMMY did not think that at all impossible. It was a terrible situation. Though he did not tell Lizzie so, he had never in his life regretted anything more than this adventure upon which they were embarked. Oh, if only he hadn't listened to her, if only he had left her in the "Plough"! All this wouldn't have happened then.

It was eleven o'clock before they knew it, but neither had any appetite for dinner. Jimmy had put the things back in the suitcase and had locked the wretched thing in

*"A woman had been run over in front of the Gare de Lyon. She*

the wardrobe, but even so how could they have a moment's peace away from the room? The French were an inquisitive race. The garçon might come in and snoop about. When they returned the gendarmes might be waiting for them. No, they couldn't risk it.

"We'll have to wait until morning," Jimmy pointed out.

There was really nothing else they could do. At midnight, exhausted and miserable, they went to bed.

BUT thoughts of the suitcase kept tormenting Jimmy. He dreamt about it—awful dreams that brought the gooseflesh out on his body. In the early morning hours he awoke, trembling. Lizzie seemed to be sleeping peacefully, her head was resting against his shoulder, and her lips, soft and red, were parted in a smile. He hated her at that moment. He wished with all his heart that he had never set eyes on her. He thought of his wife and daughter, of his pleasant little home. How he longed to be there! What a fool he had been! The dawn filtering in through the shutters showed the wardrobe, which was opposite the bed. He racked his brain thinking of the various ways in which he could get rid of that damned suitcase. Of course, he exaggerated the danger. He was a matter-of-fact, unimaginative little man, and once he let his imagination go it ran away with him.

Suddenly, shame irradiated Jimmy Campbell; his ears and his nose turned red; it was as though his honest English soul blushed. "No! no!" he thought desperately, and unconsciously he put out a hand as if to push something away. But the thing wouldn't go away, it took complete possession of him, it seemed to fill the room. "Impossible! No, I can't!" he protested to the invisible tempter.

But why couldn't he? Nobody would ever know. He had merely to take the suitcase and go away. He would be rich, he could travel. Fate had given this fortune into his hands. Why shouldn't he take it? There was Lizzie, of course. He could take her with him, or he could buy her off. Or he could just leave here there and disappear. She would be afraid to go to the police. Later on his wife and daughter could join him. He could even go back to England, could buy a house in the country and live the life of a gentleman. An inheritance from a relative in South America. It wouldn't be difficult to explain his sudden good fortune. For some time Jimmy lay there in bed, locked in this awful struggle.

But, in the end, he won. He remained what he had been, the honest little buyer of Woodrow and Sons, Ltd. He heaved a deep sigh, closed his eyes, and almost immediately fell asleep.

THEY had breakfast in bed. The room was bright and cheerful, and Lizzie was in high spirits.

"Let's not worry any more about that old suitcase," she told him. "We'll get rid of it somehow, darling. We mustn't let it spoil the good time we were going to have."

They both laughed over it, and agreed that it added a bit of spice to their adventure.

"It's a good thing we're honest," Lizzie added. "If we weren't, we'd just take all that nice jewellery and go off together somewhere. Couldn't we have a grand time, though?"

Jimmy felt rather guilty, and he wondered whether she had guessed the temptation that had come to him. He hastily changed the subject.

"I'll have to buy you some new things, Liz.'

"I'm afraid so, darling."

He didn't have any time that morning, for he had to attend to the business that had brought him over to Paris, but he expected to be free by noon.

"We'll meet at the Café de la Paix," he suggested. 'Then we'll have lunch, and afterwards we'll go shopping.'

In the meantime, he would decide what to do with the suitcase. He also made a mental note to write postcards to his wife and daughter. There was a knock at the door and the garçon entered. Jimmy had sent him to get an English newspaper.

"Voilà, monsieur!"

From the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint the French language is at times absurdly dramatic. That innocent "voilà" expressed in a single short breath a dozen different emotions. It would have done credit to the villain of a Drury Lane melodrama. At the moment, certainly, it was most appropriate.

For there on the front page was all about the big London jewel robbery. According to Scotland Yard, it looked like the work of a dangerous gang of criminals who had been active in England and the Continent.

"Phew! And we've got the booty right here in the wardrobe."

Lizzie seemed to think it an excellent joke. But Jimmy looked at his watch and said:

"Let's get up. I'm late now."

"I feel so lazy, darling."

Stretching herself, Lizzie lighted a fresh cigarette.

"I really must get up," Jimmy told her.

He shaved and dressed, not forgetting to brush his hair carefully in order to hide a bald spot, of which he was very sensitive.

It was then that he had the inspiration.

"I know what to do with that suitcase, Liz. We'll check it at the Gare St. Lazare.

*was carrying a suitcase and was evidently on her way to catch a train"*

That's right in back of the Café de la Paix. We'll leave it there and send the ticket to Scotland Yard."

Lizzie agreed that it was a good idea.

"I didn't like to leave it here in the room," he admitted. "I'll take it with me now."

But she didn't see why he should do that.

"You're late for your appointment. Let me take the suitcase. I'll bring it along when I come to the Café de la Paix."

"Are you sure you can manage it?" he asked.

"Of course, darling."

"All right, then," he agreed. "At twelve sharp."

"I'll be there," she promised.

JIMMY had a very busy morning. But by eleven-thirty he had transacted his business, and at noon he was waiting for Lizzie on the terrace of the Café de la Paix. It did not surprise him that she was late. Women, he had found, were seldom punctual. He was in the habit of saying that he had spent half of his married life waiting for his wife.

It was very pleasant to sit and watch the people, swarms of them, on the Place de l'Opéra; endless lines of motor cars passed up and down the boulevard; buses lumbered by; a hundred different noises blended into one, the honk and screech and whirr and rattle of the traffic, the hum of the ever-shifting crowd. Yes, it was very nice to sit there sipping an apéritif, a spectator comfortable in a front seat.

Jimmy found it so. But why didn't Lizzie come? She was a half-hour late now. He was beginning to feel a little nervous. Perhaps she had lost her way. But no, that was impossible. The Café de la Paix is a landmark in the very centre of the famous boulevards. Perhaps a gendarme, seeing her with the suitcase, had become suspicious. Perhaps she had been run over. In Paris, despite M. Chiappe's admirable traffic regulations, automobile accidents are frequent. From being nervous Jimmy was rapidly becoming panicky. When an hour had passed he could stand it no longer. He went inside and rang up the hotel.

"Madame left here an hour and a half ago," the porter told him, "with a suitcase."

Jimmy was about to hang up when he added:

"She left a note for monsieur."

"A note?"

"Oui, monsieur."

Jimmy didn't know what to think. The obvious explanation that Lizzie, tempted as he had been early that morning, had taken the suitcase and gone off with it—he couldn't, he wouldn't bring himself to believe that. Getting into a taxicab he drove to the hotel.

The porter handed him the note. It wasn't very long; it didn't have to be.

"*Good-bye, darling. You'll never see me again.*—LIZ."

Jimmy took his key and went upstairs to his room. He didn't curse Lizzie; he didn't even blame her. When, he wondered, had she made up her mind to do it? This morning?—last night? What did it matter now? The thing was done. She was gone. Where to? But that didn't matter either. It would be useless to try to find her. He thought of his wife and daughter, of his own temptation. It may be that, for just a moment, he regretted that it was Lizzie and not he who had stolen the suitcase. Let us hope not. But, after all, it is only human to be tempted.

HE had planned to take Lizzie that night to the Casino de Paris to see Josephine Baker. He had half a mind to go by himself.

He didn't, however. He went instead to the Café du Dôme. It was nearer and it served his purpose just as well. Here he began by writing postcards to his wife and daughter. Having done this, he settled down to drink. In Montparnasse this is made very pleasant and easy. Unlike the "Plough" in Bloomsbury, the Café du Dôme never closes its friendly doors, nor the Coupole, nor the Jockey, nor any of the other bars. As long as you have money in your pocket you are welcome. Jimmy had plenty of money. As head buyer of Woodrow and Sons, Ltd., he had an elastic expense account.

He made full use of it that night. From one bar to another he wandered. He became by degrees witty, pugnacious, and maudlin. Several young ladies of pleasure tried to attach themselves to him. But he repulsed them all. Finally, he went to sleep.

This happened in a bistro in the Rue de l'Arrivée. The proprietor was honest, otherwise he might have relieved Jimmy of his watch and pocket-book. As it was, he put him into a taxicab and sent him home. The chauffeur, also an honest man, handed him over to the garçon. Jimmy's luck held to the end. They had many English and American guests at that hotel, and so the garçon knew exactly what to do. He handled Jimmy as he would have done had he been a trunk, carried him to his room and put him to bed.

IT was this same garçon who, late the following afternoon, brought Jimmy coffee, strong black coffee. Neither he nor anyone else mentioned the fact that madame had not returned. Perhaps they were accustomed to that sort of thing.

"I hope monsieur slept well."

Jimmy said he had.

"Montparnasse is very pleasant at night, is it not?"

Jimmy said it was.

"The newspaper, monsieur." He put it on the bed, scratched his nead, shifted from one foot to the other. "Does monsieur require anything further?"

Jimmy gave him the tip he was waiting for.

"Merci beaucoup. Bon jour, monsieur."

Jimmy never drank that coffee. He untolded the paper. And suddenly his face turned as white as the bed sheet. He gave a violent start; he couldn't believe his eyes. He read again, more carefully.

Last night—while he was sitting in the Café du Dôme—a woman had been run over in front of the Gare de Lyon. She was carrying a suitcase and was evidently on her way to catch a train. She was instantly killed. She had not yet been identified. But the suitcase was found to contain thousands of pounds in money and jewellery. It was thought that this must be the booty of the recent jewel robbery in London. Further developments awaited the arrival of an inspector from Scotland Yard who was on his way to Paris. No, there could be no mistake.

It was Lizzie!

WHAT Jimmy thought—that is of no importance. What he did matters even less. For, in truth, he did nothing at all. There was nothing he could do.

Lizzie was never identified. At the "Plough" they still wonder what has become of her. But then, Jimmy never goes there any more.

When he returned to London he brought his daughter silk stockings and his wife a petit point bag.

His wife noticed that he didn't look well.

"It's that French food," she said. "Next time you go to Paris, dear, you must be more careful what you eat."

A. G.

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## *IN BRIEF*

"WHAT are you studying, old man?"

"Economics."

"What the blazes is the use of studying that? If it's forced on you, you've got to practise it!"

* * *

WE understand that the Witching Hour is the one when your wife greets you with "Which lie is it *this* time?"

* * *

PORTER: "Did you miss your train, sir?"

PASSENGER: "No. I didn't like the look of it, so I chased it out of the station.'

* * *

"HOW's your insomnia?"

"Worse and worse. Now I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"

* * *

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

"Oh, no. I like them fried in the ordinary way."

# "VIKTORIA," AT HER PALACE

*"Viktoria and Her Hussar" was produced last week at the Palace Theatre. Included in the cast of characters are Hungarians, Cossacks, Russians, Japanese, and Americans, a motley gathering indeed. This operette has been a great success on the Continent, and was originally a Hungarian play with music by Paul Abraham. The English version is by Harry Graham. On the left is Margaret Carlisle, who plays the title-rôle*

*An operette without a soubrette part would be unthinkable. In "Viktoria and Her Hussar," Riquette, Viktoria's maid, is the soubrette, and Gina Malo is seen above dressed in the manner of musical-comedy maids*

# BRITISH COMEDIANS IN NEW FILMS

*TWO BRITISH COMEDIANS*

*On the left: Sydney Howard, who is as funny on the film as he is on the stage, is seen consulting his best girl before giving an order to the "Nippy." This incident occurs in "Up for the Cup," a British and Dominions Film Corporation production. Film producers are at last learning that actors and actresses who have had stage experience are not therefore debarred from being successful on the film, and that comedians like Sydney Howard and George Robey, seen below, are able to raise laughs galore*

*Linda Watkins, a noted New York stage actress, who has signed a Fox contract, appearing in "Sol Sister," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. These artists also join forces in "Cheating"*

*Gunner Moir (better known in the ring than on the film) as Ginger, and George Robey (known everywhere) as Bindle, in the first of a series portraying "the Adventures of Bindle." The scene above is from "The Temperance Fête"*

# THE PASSION FOR THE PLATINUM BLONDE

*On the left: Six platinum blondes, and without blondes no film is complete nowadays, surround Edward G. Robinson, who is a barber and has a passion for them, in the star part in "Smart Money," on view at the Regal, Marble Arch, this week*

*Below: Jill Esmond, the English actress, a fitting figure for fitted pyjamas. She has recently joined Radio Pictures*

*Ruth Weston, another Radio Pictures player, who appears in "Smart Women" with Mary Astor and Robert Ames. An admirer of the new composition jewellery, she will be seen to possess an extensive collection of bracelets*

# ON SCOTTISH COURSES

*Lady Angela Forbes pauses to pass the time of day with Andrew Kirkaldy, the famous golf professional at St. Andrews*

*Miss Primrose Buchan-Hepburn in full swing at North Berwick. She is a daughter of Sir John and Lady Buchan-Hepburn, Bart., of Smeaton-Hepburn, Prestonkirk*

*(Above) Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, captain-elect of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, playing out of a bunker during the Jubilee Vase Tournament at St. Andrews The previous captain was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*

*(Right) Sir John Simon and Sir Robert Hutchison seeking distraction from the political situation on the old course at St. Andrews. With them on the right is Sir Colin Mackenzie, who is also a cricketer and holds the record for the highest score for a first-wicket stand in India*

*BOOKS AND PEOPLE*

# INSISTENT INDIA. A "DOE" DUCHESS

## By "Junius"

You will find no particular story—that is, from the point of view of plot—in *Mad Puppetsdown* (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), but you will be very hard to please if you do not revel in its Irish wit and humour. The Chevingtons are typically Irish, hard riders, happy-go-lucky, full of pranks and jokes, and devoted to the old family place, Puppetsdown. Life goes very joyously for Easter Chevington and her two boy cousins in the old place until Sinn Fein casts its shadow, and the children are hurried away to England. The lure of the old house calls Easter and Basil back when they are grown up. Here comes in a note of melancholy, for the aunt who has lived there has become a miser. Apart from its delightful humour, the book gives you a realisation how love of an ancient house can become part of the life of its owners.

Recently, a Dutchman, Dr. Renier, gave us his point of view of the English. Now we have the German view in *John Bull at Home* (Harrap, 8*s.* 6*d.*), by Dr. Silex, the London correspondent of the *Deutsche Allegsmeine Zeitung*. The book was written in German because Dr. Silex discovered that many of his countrymen, visiting this country, are disappointed in what they see and hear. He therefore set himself the task of showing their mistake in judging from surface indications. Making due allowances for the difference in national points of view, Dr. Silex is fair; and certainly more amusing than severe when dealing with our foibles in dress and other matters.

On one point, Dr. Silex's observation has been at fault. He considers London "to be dull, provincial, and puerile except for those who go out at night in boiled shirts and white ties." Here are two of his other opinions. "The part played by the amateur in English life even to this day would be impossible anywhere else on earth. From the German standpoint English life is the sport of amateurs. Churchill is an amateur . . . the Governor of the Bank of England is an amateur. All the directors of the railway companies are amateurs. The Englishman is still suspicious of the expert at the head of affairs." And this: "The House of Commons . . . shelters a more perfect collection of 'adventurers' than any other institution in the British Empire." In conclusion, he sums up the national situation with: "Life, which hitherto has been the playground of the gentleman, is becoming the arena of the professional."

Pearl Freeman

*MISS JANE DOE*

*Author of the novel, "The Enchanted Duchess," which is reviewed on this page*

If Miss Jane Doe had made the heroine of her novel, *The Enchanted Duchess* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), a film star instead of Atalanta, Duchess of Killarney, you might have accepted the amazing doings she has invented. To begin with, Atalanta is more akin to the idea of a Duchess fostered in the mind of a little 'tweeny-maid after a hectic course of American films. Where is the English Duchess who wears £20,000 worth of emeralds at a restaurant supper-party; has emeralds in the heels of her shoes; and stuffs £200 worth of notes into her gold-meshed bag wherewith to pay for the supper?

The adventures of Atalanta at the hands of John Stoneroof are even more impossible than Atalanta herself. Atalanta might be forced to wear Victorian garments and do the "chores" in Stoneroof's cottage, but skin a rabbit—no, never! Stoneroof, too, is just as much out of the picture. Not a he-man; but a he-pig-man. One is rather sorry he didn't cane Atalanta. She deserved it. The book ought to have been called *A "Doe" Duchess*.

*DR. KARL SILEX*

*The German author, who, following in the footsteps of others, gives his opinion of the English in "John Bull at Home," another book dealt with by our reviewer this week*

I have been deeply impressed by *Unicorn* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Marguerite Steen. It has an inherent strength, a certainty of touch, and a humanity which lifts it far above the level of present-day fiction. A little time ago I remarked that the disappearance of the small Courts from Central Europe had deprived novelists of endless plots and mises-en-scéne. Miss Steen has shown that a strong novel lies in their very disappearance. The Grand Duchy of Rheingoldstein survives the German cataclysm after the War, but only for a brief space. There is a revolution, and the Grand Duchess and her daughter, Margarethe, are politely turned out of the country. They take refuge in Italy, where the girl's education really begins under an Englishwoman. The only question is, would a descendant of both the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns have the mentality with which Miss Steen has endowed Margarethe? However that may be, her after-adventures as the wife of an English artist are convincing in their reality.

But Miss Steen is at her best with Bols Sonntag, the baker's boy and scullion, with whom Margarethe falls in love before her flight, and who ultimately becomes the dictator of Rheingoldstein. In his way he is a modern Jew Süss.

Everybody ought to read Sir Harcourt Butler's *India Insistent* (Heinemann, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Sir Harcourt has seen forty-one years' work in India, rising from the rank and file of the Indian Civil Service to become the Governor of the United Provinces and

the first Governor of Burma. No one can write with greater authority on the vast and puzzling question of India than Sir Harcourt. At the present juncture, when the future of India and her three hundred and fifty millions of people is causing such grave anxiety, it is everybody's duty to know the actual conditions of the country. In this little book Sir Harcourt has compressed his years'-long knowledge of the problems that have to be faced.

He points out the dangers of self-government in India. "Her advanced politicians," he says, "are asking, in fact, to attain in ten years a degree of political progress which it took us centuries to evolve, and our Dominions, with our experience behind them, at least a century to claim." Read this book, and you will realise, as Sir Harcourt says, "the immensity, the diversity, and the insistence of India, the difficulties of accelerating constitutional growth on Western lines, and the need for many years to come of guidance and control by the British Parliament."

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THE majority of women, I think, will like *Green Pleasure* (Grant Richards, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Elizabeth Barlow (Mrs. Humphrey Davie). It is a picture of country life—"county"—which at the present rate in the disappearance of big country houses will have practically ceased to exist a generation or so ahead. And a very pleasant life Virginia leads at Towcester with her parents, her hunt-balls and her visits. Miss Barlow has shown great skill in the subtle antagonism between Virginia and her friend Celia. Nothing definite is said, but you feel it swaying backwards and forwards between the two girls even after they are married. I will not disclose the sequel. It is entirely unexpected, but at the same time is an outcome of the incidents that have preceded it.

WHAT a pleasure it is to read a public school story that is fresh and wholesome from cover to cover. And you have such a book in *Early Closing* (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by D. Wynne Willson. I have said "fresh and wholesome," but the author gives more than this. There is character in all the figures that crowd the scene. Notably in William Dean, a housemaster; Miss Greig, the matron; and the two boys, Nigel and Johnny Bentley,

*MISS MARGUERITE STEEN*

*Whose novel, "Unicorn," has just been published. She is also a successful painter, and has spent some years on the stage*

and their sister Lavender. You have a fairer picture here of the modern schoolboy than you will find in some of its much-vaunted predecessors, but the title puzzles me. Why *Early Closing*?

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I THINK a measure of autobiography has crept into *Beginners, Please* (Chapman and Hall, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Dion Clayton Calthrop. The days when Irving, and Toole, and Ellen Terry held the stage; Sargent and Whistler were the giants in art; the *Yellow Book* was in its infancy; and motor cars were unknown; as described by Mr. Calthrop make a vivid background for the after-happenings to the three young men whose stories are the theme of the book.

Mr. Calthrop shows us the pre-War Bohemia, and out of it has created an attractive romance which gives all that his admirers expect from him—happy and graceful English, real men and women, and the real atmosphere of their lives.

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IF you want to know how a vamp sets forth a-vamping you should read *The Rule of Three* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Eliot Crawshay-Williams. Yvonne is a successful film-star who bursts into tears at the oddest moments when she thinks of her natal vicarage. Christopher Maitland is a married author. Yvonne "vamps" him deliberately, and if he hadn't had a wonderful wife in Elizabeth there would have been disaster. But Mr. Crawshay-Williams should really take a course of English grammar. This is a specimen of a good many of his sentences: "Then she pulled him gently round till he faced her directly. Was looking straight into her face." Much of the book, too, gives the impression that it has been written on telegraph-forms—not a happy style.

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PERSONALLY, I am sorry to say I have failed to detect in *The Perilous Adventure of Sir Bingo Walker, of Alpaca Square* (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by James Bridie, the humour and fantasy claimed for it on the "jacket." But doubtless this is my limitation—and my loss. It is a sort of story of Don Quixote, with Sancho Panza and Rosinante in a modern setting.

"JUNIUS."

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*THE GESTURE OF THE LOIN-CLOTH: GANDHI* *(continued from page 637)*

anew, preaching hatred, lighting bonfires of British goods, imposing fasts and penances that will drive the impassioned, he knows, to the same awful havoc.

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A CLIVE, if we but had one now, would have seized Gandhi when first the odours seemed against him, and would have placed him out of the reach and influence of the mob. Had that been done Gandhi would have been but a family name in the telephone books of the west Indian littoral. The two or three times that we have lodged Gandhi in prison, with doctors and every want carefully supplied, have done no more than serve to heighten his martyred importance. The Anglo-Indians protest at public meetings, the white women walk with danger lurking in every dark corner, but official indifference remains unperturbed. Once only has the white populace endeavoured to take action into its own hands, and that was in South Africa. Exasperated by Gandhi's activities, the English residents, learning of a return visit, begged the authorities to forbid his landing. But Government would do nothing. An infuriated mob, humiliated by the limpness of their own public servants, maddened by the tolerance towards this unscrupulous agitator, gathered outside his house and clamoured for his surrender. When he refused to come out they threatened to burn down the place. "Gandhi is not here," they were told. But they did not believe that, for they had seen him enter but a few minutes before. Some of them went in and searched in every nook and cranny, but Gandhi could not be found. While they roared for him outside, he had struggled into the garments of a policeman and fled. He explains that he did this to save his wife and family. But that, of course, could have been equally well achieved by his surrender With the maturer guile of to-day he would doubtless assert that he strove to save English consciences from being stained by the sin of his suffering.

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"PUNISH me instead for *your* sins." How nimbly he balances those six words with a glib tongue, and this parade of humility, self-imposed penance, and the eternal spinning wheel, while his adherents play their part. Outwardly, too, the loin-cloth is another parade of his poverty and humility but in effect it is defiance of British conventions. If they will allow this arch-rebel to sit about in a loin-cloth in London they will tolerate anything—so thinks the Oriental Probably, however they will think it merely comic or eccentric, and hope he will not catch his death of cold! R. J. M.

# Madame TETRAZZINI

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*Luisa Tetrazzini*

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*photo: Claude Harris*

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# THE HOUSTON TROPHY NEXT!

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

*Aerofilms*

*Mr. Noel Coward at Heston, dressed as the complete airman, prior to making a flight. Does this mean that a scene in his next play will be laid at an aerodrome?*

### *Speed with Safety.*

THE Schneider Trophy, thanks again to the skill of our designers and pilots, and to the generosity and public spirit of Lady Houston, has become a national possession. I suggest that it might be displayed with advantage in the House of Commons and at the Indian Conference before that gathering has reached its conclusion in order that those who doubt our power still to lead the world may receive some encouragement. The fact that no competitors appeared to challenge us is a great compliment to our leadership, and if there is any industry which does not need Protection it is the one which produces our aeroplanes and engines. Supreme speed with safety has been achieved by meticulous care in manufacture and by the finest training in pilotage yet devised. Lady Houston's offer to provide another trophy for international competition, together with a money prize for the winner, should receive favourable consideration by the Royal Aero Club. No one can afford to build further machines of the Schneider Trophy type, but a race or a competition open to all comers, and held annually in England, would be most useful, especially if qualities other than high speed could gain points. Whilst on the subject of safety, I see that the Royal Air Force has made the Essex Fire Extinguisher standard equipment. Their "Featherspray" system for remote control in aircraft seems to be the finest insurance possible against fire—a fact appreciated by De Havillands, who installed it in the 1931 Puss Moth. An advantage over the older type of extinguisher is the absence of dangerous fumes.

*Aerofilms*

*Signor Lomonaco and Signor Meleri at Heston after flying from Milan in 5½ hours. They averaged 140 miles an hour on the Breda 33, including a crossing of the Alps at 12,000 feet*

### *Light 'Plane Movements*

MOST long-distance flights have been carried out in machines designed to carry two or more people, and it is somewhat of a novelty to record one made in a single-seater, although there is no reason why a smaller and cheaper machine should not be every bit as successful a tourer for anyone who likes flying solo. Lt. C. W. Byas, R.N., used a Comper Swift with the latest type Pobjoy "R" engine for his holiday jaunt to South Africa, and he covered the best part of 7,500 miles in ten days, his average speed working out a fraction over 100 miles an hour. An identical machine can be bought for £525 from the distributors, Brian Lewis and Co., Ltd., of Heston Airport, and Hooton Park, Cheshire. Curiously enough, one of the first British long-distance attempts was made on a single-seater, the Avro Baby, by Sq.-Ldr. Bert Hinkler. He flew from London to Rome non-stop, and some time later to Riga. This veteran light 'plane, now fitted with a Cirrus I engine in place of the original 35 h.p. Green, is still going strong, and, in fact, it won the Teignmouth Trophy at the Haldon meeting early this month. In the same race Mr. E. C. T. Edwards averaged 117 miles an hour on a Bluebird IV with a Hermes engine. Lt.-Col. Louis Strange got 104 m.p.h. out of the Gipsy Spartan, and Mr. C. W. A. Scott his Gipsy Moth at 103 m.p.h.

### *A New British Sailplane*

THE Tern, built by "Airspeed" at York especially for hill and cloud soaring, made a remarkable flight on its second test, covering more than eight miles in a straight line. The pilot was Herr Magersuppe, one of the finest exponents of the art of soaring, and the designers are Messrs. Norway and Tiltman, who have had many years' experience on both aeroplanes and airships. This sailplane is suitable for towing by car or aeroplane, and can be completely erected or dismantled in ten minutes by three men. It would be most encouraging to see the principal prize carried off by a British-built entry at the International Gliding Competitions to be held near Brighton next month. If the Tern is handled by an experienced pilot I would tip it to win. The British Gliding Association, the controlling body for the sport in this country, has taken over the *Sailplane* as its official organ, mainly through the generosity of its late owners, who made the paper over as a gift. It is intended to cover production costs only, any surplus being devoted to improving the size and make-up so that it shall prove worthy of the movement. This is very welcome news for thousands of people interested in gliding, and the paper certainly gives plenty of material for study.

### *At Random*

A NEW ship-to-shore record from Europe to America has been set up by a mail 'plane from the German liner Europa, letters reaching New York three days twenty-one hours after leaving Cherbourg. During the next few years a reduction of transit time to three days is to be expected for mails, in which case the establishment of a Transatlantic air service can be deferred until large machines have been proved capable of the task on other and less dangerous routes.

### *Economy to the Fore!*

THE saving in money which could be effected in this country, without any loss of real defensive power, by spending more on aircraft and less on large warships, is enormous. Until we have a Ministry of National Defence, to co-ordinate the work of the three Services, there is little hope that the lesson from Chile will be appreciated.

# IF MARK TAPLEY

were alive to-day, he could in all sincerity say, Prince of good spirits myself, I recognise a kindred spirit in—

KING GEORGE IV

11868

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

*SHOOTING NOTES*

*DEER STALKING*

*Above: "The Gralloch," a picture taken in the Kintail deer forest, Ross-shire. Inset: A remarkable study of one of the most timid creatures in wild life—a baby roebuck five days old photographed in Rothiemurchus Forest, Inverness-shire*

# A PLEA FOR BLACK-GAME

## By "Clodhopper"

BLACK-GAME, although indubitably the most handsome of our indigenous species of game birds, are, except in name perhaps, the least known of all these to the majority of shooting men and women. When grouse are scarce on the Scottish moors, however, this bravely plumaged warrior (the black-cock is a doughty fighter) and the more soberly plumaged ladies of his harem meet with a good deal of attention from sportsmen, particularly in districts where heather and rough grass bordering on pine and other extensive woodlands prevail.

BUT notwithstanding their handsome appearance black-game, be they driven or shot over dogs, do not afford the good sport shown by their close allies, the red grouse. The latter generally fly downwind, and, with a stiff following breeze to help them along, almost invariably offer more or less difficult shots. The heavy wide-spreading tails of black-cock, however, so impede the flight of these birds when travelling with the wind that they will, whenever possible, face even a hard gale rather than "sail" before it. At the same time, I must confess to having muffed many an old black-cock through under-estimating the great pace at which he was travelling in the eye of the wind, on his apparently slow, but extraordinarily powerful, wing-beat.

BEING decidedly stupid and easy of approach, black-game fall an easy prey to the pot-hunting order of "gunners," especially during the earlier part of the season and when the birds resort to the cornfields in autumn. In either case they might almost be knocked down with the proverbial broomstick.

OUR short-sighted game laws permit black-game to be shot between August 20 and December 10. The close season might well be extended to the middle of September, and the open season to January 1. From the latter part of July to the second or third week in September the old birds are subjected by Nature to the enervating function of moulting. Nor do they regain their normal wing-power and beautiful plumage until October.

WHEN in moult an old black-cock is a tailless and bedraggled-looking creature enough, and so close will he then lie in the brake and low scrub of his native woodlands and heather that he may be literally pushed up by a gun-dog. Nor, in my opinion, are young black-game worthy powder and shot until mid-September, by which time they find their way to more open feeding grounds and offer infinitely better sport.

COMMANDER A. N. GREGORY, R.N., lessee of the shooting and salmon-fishing rights over Ganllwyd, North Wales, has informed me, during a comparatively recent visit to this wild but charming spot in the Principality, that he believed black-game had increased of late years on the surrounding moors. Similar good news, unfortunately, is not forthcoming from the New Forest, Exmoor, or other extensive moorlands in the South and West of England, which formerly boasted a good head of these fine representatives of the great and widely distributed grouse family.

### MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

#### CARE OF THE GUN

**APPARATUS for the cleaning of guns is curiously rudimentary, having regard to the importance of the operation and the advantage of making it easy. The first process should be to pull through the bore a tight-fitting and, above all, strong rag, as, for instance, a sock of the correct substance. It cleans out all the visible dirt and so saves unnecessary soiling of the scrubbing gear to be used later. One pull-through rag will easily last a whole season. The next and final process is to dip a tight-fitting bristle brush in one of the well-known brands of rifle oil and pass it vigourously up and down the bore. Tow as an alternative for the brush I dislike intensely. It is troublesome to wind to a really tight fit and once there so difficult to remove that it gets used indefinitely, often adding more filth than it removes. If it gets past the muzzle it cannot be drawn back, yet many rods have handles larger than the bore; hence every gun-room should be provided with unjointed rods of the "gamekeeper" type. Action, barrels and stock should be well rubbed with a duster and the metal parts anointed with oil by means of an artist's brush, size No. 7 or 8, and this should be kept hung up or laid across a couple of nails. The final wipe should be with a greasy rag kept in a jar. Oiling with a brush that reaches crevices enables grit and other deposits to be removed and ensures lubrication of the mechanism, that can only work sweetly with its aid.**

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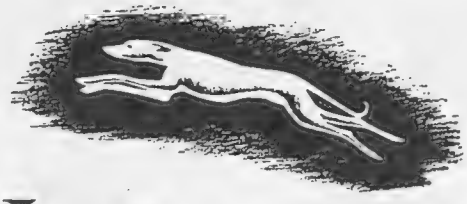

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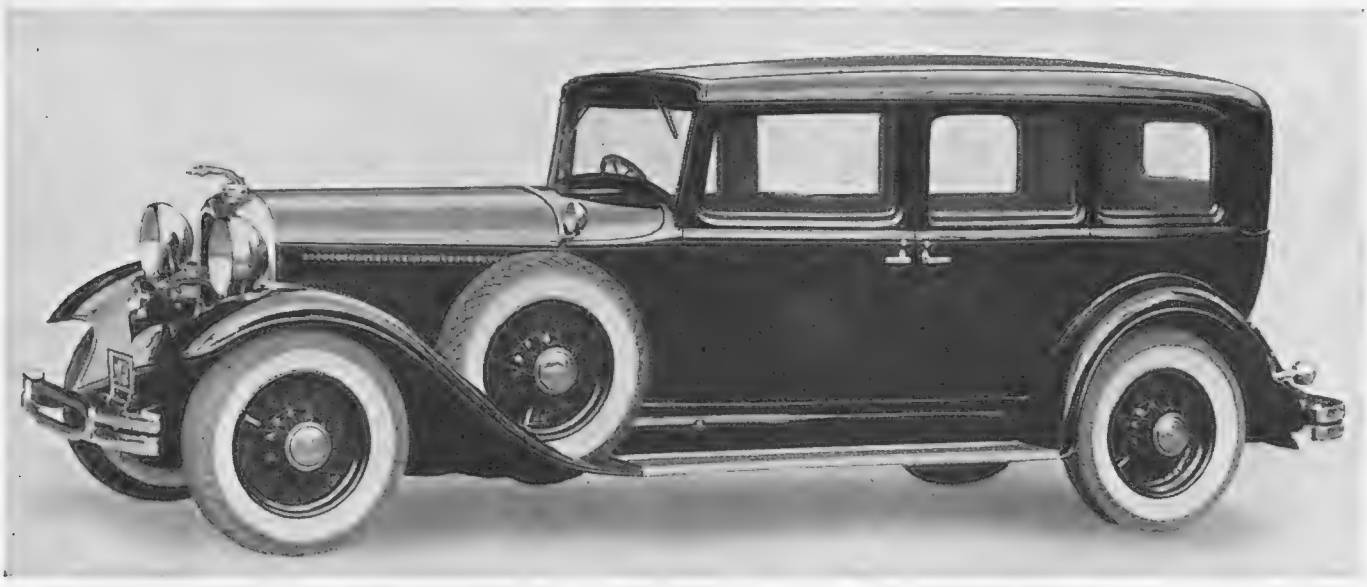

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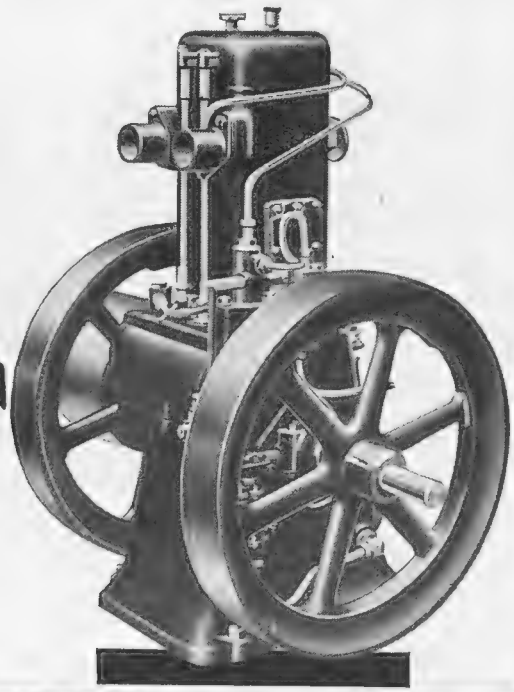

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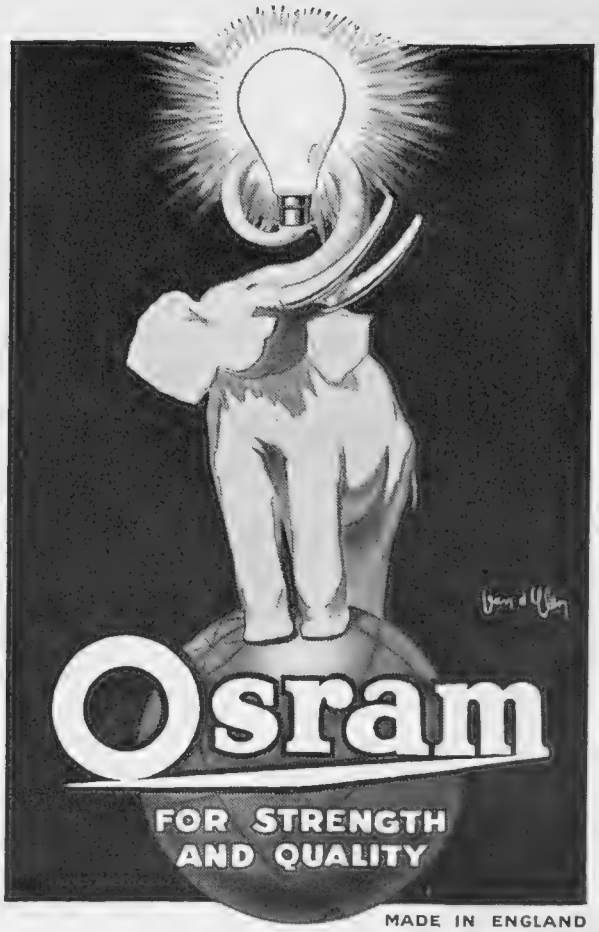


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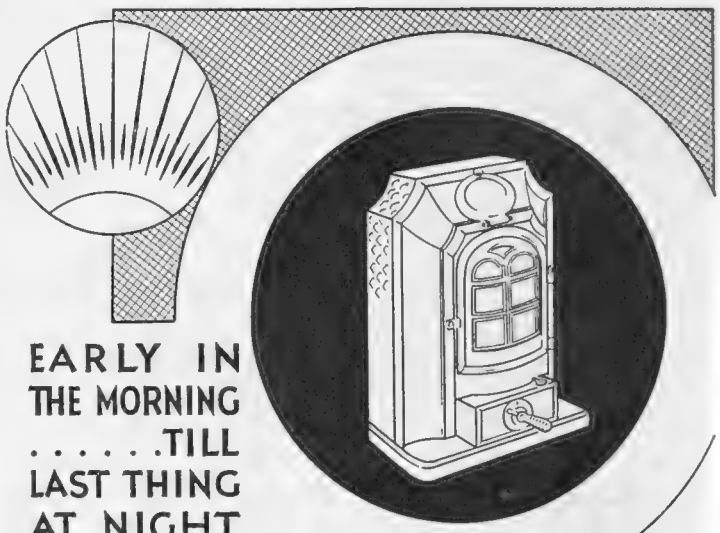

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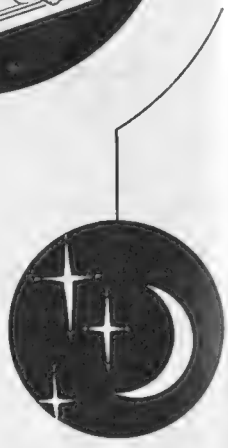

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THE HOME BEAUTIFUL—"Bystander" Special Feature

# WALL PAINTINGS as DÉCOR

*By AUDREY WRANGHAM*

FOR those who want something really original for their walls, the modern solution is a wall painting. During the present depression many young artists are wisely turning to interior decoration, and are ready and willing to fresco walls at so much a foot, and they will work, like ordinary house-painters, a regulation day.

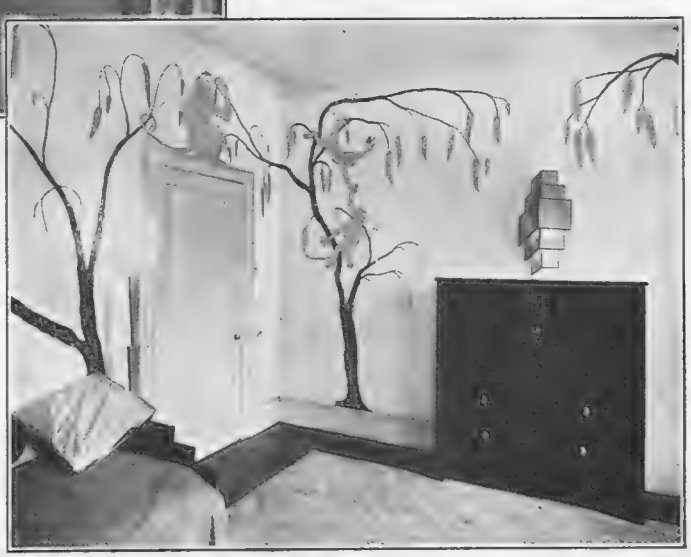
THE owner of the house may prefer to be her own artist, and choose something in the style of Lady Cynthia Tothill's dining-room, as shown in the accompanying photographs. The walls are simply and inexpensively covered with white drawing-paper, on which a friend of Lady Cynthia's painted bright grass-green monkeys climbing up and down black trees. The leaves of these trees are fashioned from silver paper, and are just appliquéd to the walls. The colour scheme of the walls is carried out in the rest of the room, for the divan is provided with white, silver, and black oilcloth cushions, and the screen and chair are covered in green and beige-striped material.

*A corner of Lady Cynthia Tothill's dining-room, the walls of which are covered with white drawing paper decorated with green monkeys and black trees, the leaves of which are silver paper appliquéd to the walls*

BATHROOMS specially lend themselves to wall paintings, for, by varnishing ordinary oil painting, resistance to steam is maintained, and these decorations are actually much more practical in use than many plain-painted surfaces. Illustrated is the Garden of Eden bathroom of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, at 12, Manchester Square. Here on a background of gold paint over silver—and a plain colour could be used with almost equal effect—has been painted the famous apple tree of the garden, laden with luscious fruit, with a malicious green serpent so arranged that he glares at the occupant of the bath.

*A bathroom in Mrs. Richard Bethell's house depicting the Garden of Eden, with the serpent entwined on an apple tree. The general colour scheme is gold paint over silver with a green serpent and green-patterned rubber carpeting. Gold-coloured oilcloth curtains and "skirts" for the washing basin are another note of colour*

FROM the gold and silver ceiling hangs a gigantic rosy apple, complete with stalk and leaves, concealing a light, and the "grass" of the garden is suggested by the green-patterned rubber carpeting. Gold-coloured oilcloth makes useful "skirts" for the washing-basin of green marble, and hide the tangle of useful but unornamental pipes, and long curtains of the same oilcloth are at the window.



*Another view of Lady Cynthia Tothill's dining-room showing more monkeys in evidence on the walls and some of the modern electric light fittings*

# BUILDING WITH LIGHT

## *Some New Methods of Using Electricity*

THE love of tradition which is such an essential part of the English character, valuable though it may be, has the unfortunate effect of making us mistrust anything which smacks of the "modernistic." We adopt the use of electricity quite freely in our house, because it is obviously useful as a labour-saving agent, but for the most part we have not realised how absurd it is to have electric light fittings which are nothing more than an adaptation of those which were used in the past for candles, oil, and gas. It is still, unfortunately, possible to buy elaborate copies of Georgian or Victorian chandeliers, all a-glitter with crystal drops, ready wired for connection to the lighting current. This adaptation of a modern illuminant to antique methods springs largely from a failure to realise the extreme *flexibility* of electricity. With candles, oil, and gas quite an appreciable amount of heat was generated, and there were also products of combustion to be disposed of. These considerations limited the design and placing of lighting fittings very considerably; obviously they had to allow for the free access of air, and it was not possible to have the light too near walls or ceiling for fear of blackening the surfaces.

*Modern electric lighting treatment for a very modern mirror. The light thrown from the panels at the side affords an ideal and artistic illuminant*

IT was a logical development of the use of electricity as an illuminant that it should come to be treated as an integral part of the architect's conception of a new building, to be "built-in" in the same way as bricks and mortar, wood, and glass. Modern designers have realised that, though the primary function of light is utilitarian, it can also be used most effectively as a decorative medium.

INSTEAD of relying upon ceiling pendants and portable lamps for the illumination of a room, the newest method is to have the lighting from luminous panels in the walls or ceiling, from narrow bands of light running around the walls, or from the cornice, which also makes an effective decorative scheme. The light given by these methods is well diffused, and for this reason forms in the room are robbed of their shadows, and consequently of a certain amount of vitality. To overcome this it is often advisable to introduce supplementary lighting by indirect or semi-indirect sources. This method of lighting can, of course, only be used to best advantage in a new house where the architect has allowed for the system in designing it. It is, of course, rather more expensive than the traditional method of home lighting, but the cost of electricity has been coming down rapidly during the last few years, and the expense of such lighting is no longer prohibitive for those of moderate purses. It must be remembered also that you are paying, not for lighting alone, but also for a most effective decorative scheme.

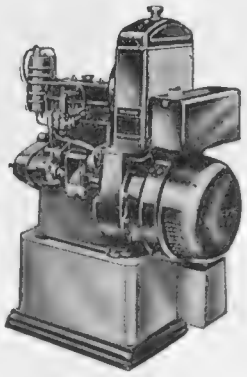
*Here, again, panel lighting has been employed at the back of a couch. Eye strain is entirely obviated when reading where such a form of lighting is employed*

ONE would not, of course, use this "built-in" lighting for all the rooms in a house, but there are many small applications of the system which will appeal to the average householder. In the bedroom, for instance, it is essential to have good, evenly diffused lighting at the dressing-table, and here, if the table is placed in a recess, luminous panels at top and sides, fronted by obscured glass, give the best possible light for dressing. The same principle can be applied in the bathroom, over a mirror or hand basin. Where there is a recess or alcove a luminous lintel, faced with etched or moulded glass, can be contrived without any material alteration to the existing structure. An idea which your visitors will much appreciate is to have above your outside door a little luminous panel showing the name or number of the house—and I have seen luminous panels let in to the upright portions of the steps.

DURING the floodlighting of London's famous buildings much discussion has taken place as to the expense of such lavish illumination. When the figures were disclosed most people were amazed at the smallness of the cost. This all goes to show that private floodlighting—in a garden, for instance—is by no means prohibitive in cost. For the average garden three 300-watt lamps would suffice, and these would consume only one unit—costing 3*d.* or 4*d.* at most—in 3⅓ hours. For a penny an hour you can flood your garden with light! For dances and parties this

(*Continued on page 670*)

# HAMPTONS' AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT



Model "S" as illustrated herewith. CAPACITY 800 watts —110 volts D.C.

For cottages, bungalows or small houses this is the ideal unit. It will light at one time 27 lamps, each of 30 watts (24 candle power) or a proportionate number of larger or smaller lamps.

When all the power is not required for lighting it is available for the usual domestic appliances such as electric irons, vacuum sweepers, or for pumping water.

**800 Watts Model. Price £124**

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As it was when the now famous

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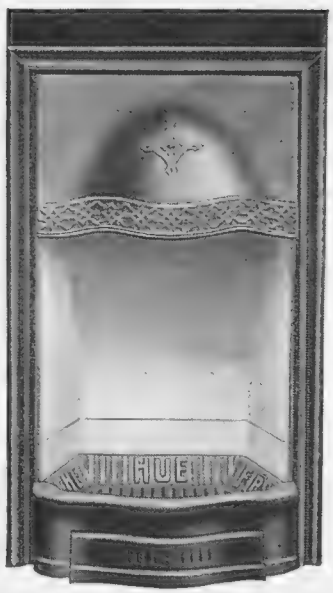

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*BUILDING WITH LIGHT (continued from page 668)*

is well worth doing, and one or two hostesses have already enthusiastically adopted the idea.

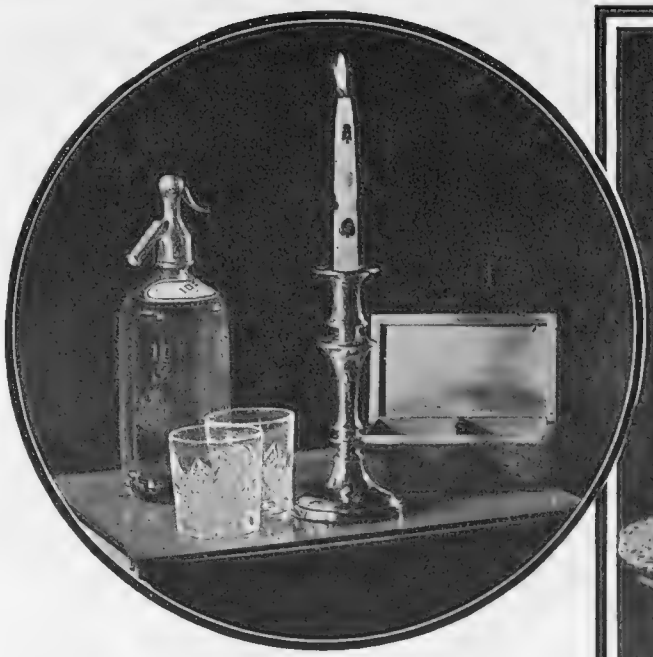
MANY people hesitate to use electricity to any large extent because they are convinced it is ruinously expensive. If you only use it for lighting you naturally pay more, usually 3*d.* or 4*d.* a unit. But most supply authorities have a scheme by which the more current you use the less, comparatively, you pay. That is to say, that over a certain minimum consumption you pay very much less—say ½*d.* or ¾*d.* a unit—for your electricity. This is what makes the all-electric house a really economic proposition.

## THE CONVENIENCE OF GAS

HOUSES, these days, must not cost a small fortune to run, for the small fortunes are not there to do the running. The house that demanded a regiment of servants may have been possible before the War; whether it was a blessing is quite another question, to which the present generation have no answer. They only know that a regiment may become cumbersome and costly even under the strictest discipline. So, if they are wise, they sigh with relief that they live in other days, and plan a modern home which will give them the maximum of comfort with the minimum of trouble.

THE success of their plans will depend largely on the arrangements made for

(Continued on page 672)



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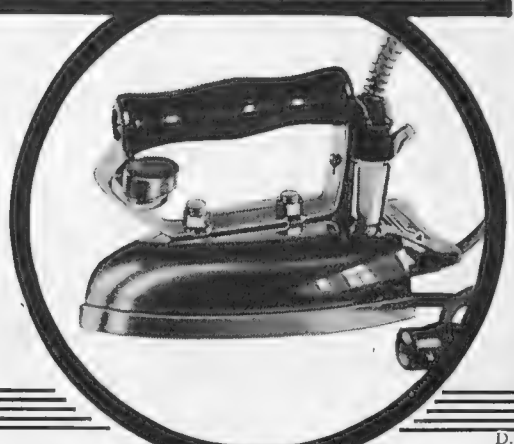
With electricity, every home can be an Electric Home—enjoying all the convenience, cleanliness, and saving of time which only the use of Ediswan Electrical Appliances can bring.

**Electrical appliances have created a new standard of home comfort —let your appliances be:—**



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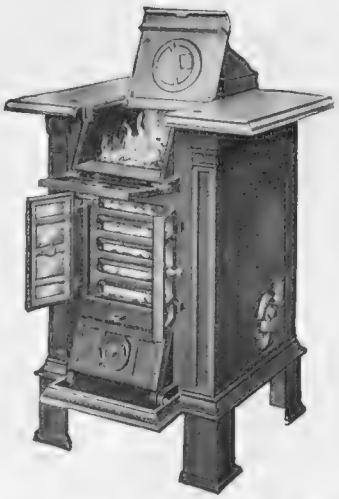
It is most economical in use, burns any kind of fuel and consumes kitchen refuse. Can be used either as an Open or Closed Fire, and light cooking can be carried out on the Nickel-Plated Hot Plate. It is easy to clean and needs little attention.



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THE CONVENIENCE OF GAS (continued from page 670)

*LIGHTING AND HEATING BY GAS*

*A modern dining-room decorated in ancient style, where, instead of a coal or log fire, convenience has been studied by the fitting of a gas stove Radiators which obtain their heating-power from gas are a useful fitment, while gas is also used as an illuminant*

room heating and cooking. The fuel used for these purposes should be easy to handle. It must not make dirt which, in its turn, will create more work. Gas fulfils these requirements, besides taking up no storage room. That is why I advise friends who are planning a small house which is to be run as economically as possible, and with very little domestic help, to install gas appliances.

ONE very suitable type of cooker has the hot plate and oven side by side raised on legs, so that the cook has no need to stoop to her work. It is finished in enamel, which is easily cleaned, and the oven is fitted with an automatic control which makes it almost a robot in action. Once started on its job the oven requires no attention until it is time to serve the meal.

WHATEVER the style of furnishing, there will be no difficulty in choosing suitable gas fires. The latest fires have been designed in many patterns by well-known architects to suit different styles of architecture and furniture. The pipes supplying the fires with gas can be run under the floor or behind wainscoting to avoid any unsightliness. There is no labour in cleaning the gas fires nor in carrying fuel about, and the fact that the gas can be turned off when the room is not being used means that the fires are economical.

GAS lighting is often considered old-fashioned, probably because people do not realise that in its modern guise it is as convenient as any other method of lighting and is very cheap. Gas can be switched on, and can also be dimmed to any intensity—another hygienic advantage in these days of brilliant lighting when our eyes get little rest. A final advantage in a gas-fitted house is that, while economising in running costs, the comfort and beauty of the home can be increased by a careful selection of modern gas fittings.

# Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

**A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body**

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.



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## FASHIONABLE SUITS IN JERSEY AND STOCKINETTE

*Simplicity is the salient feature of the ensemble on the left; it is carried out in a new plaid jersey fabric in a two-colour effect. It may be seen at Gorringe's, in the Buckingham Palace Road, and so may the two-piece suit in heavy quality shrunk stockinette; it is in natural colour trimmed with brown astrakhan*

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## COATS OF BREITSCHWANTZ AND PERSIAN LAMB DECORATIVE COATEES OF FUR AND VELVET

*Unsightly spots, redness and roughness of the skin have a rooted objection to Lait Larola. The complexion becomes smooth, soft and velvety when it is bathed with this emollient lotion*

### *Misnomers Rule the Day*

NEVER has there been a time when there were so many misnomers in the realm of millinery. Empire, bowler, Glengarry and tricorne are applied without the least discrimination. Milliners may have had these models in their minds, but the modern hats are totally different from these old-world favourites. The consensus of opinion is that sweeping ostrich plumes will be the prerogative of the older woman, and that she will only wear hats trimmed with them at formal afternoon functions. There is an infinite variety of hats carried out in felt, velour and velour tissue. They have narrow brims, which may be waved, pleated or cut to suit the prospective wearer—sometimes turned up at one side, not sharply, but with a graceful roll. Motifs of breast plumage and fancy stone ornaments are used for decorative purposes.

### *Persian Lamb and Mink*

IT will not be until the cold weather arrives that long fur coats will be given serious consideration. The smartest thing of all is black breitschwantz trimmed with silver fox; naturally, this represents the height of luxury. Persian lamb and mink, both costly furs, are regarded with the utmost favour, while for hard wear there is natural musquash and ponyskin. Squirrel still pursues the even tenor of its way. It must be noted that fur-lined coats that have during the past few years suffered an eclipse are well represented. All kinds of muffs are making a bid for favour, a daring innovation being those of silver fox; sometimes long woollen scarves are finished with fur, the ends, in a fraction of a second, without the intervention of a needle or thread, may take unto themselves muffs. Then there are the affairs that perform the double purpose of a bag and a muff, in them fur and leather, or tweed, share honours.

*Chilprufe garments, no matter whether they be destined for children or members of the older generation, are made of pure wool, are perfectly ventilated, and very warm*

### *The Decorative Coatee*

THE decorative coatee occupies a very prominent position to-day. It is carried out in fur, fur cloth and velvet stamped to suggest fur. It is usually arranged with a rather full basque, belted and enriched with fox or gold and black galon. Another idea is for the collar, cuffs and hem to be composed of ciré braid. It may be quite narrow or several inches wide. For wearing with the modish bolero suits there are quite small (they just turn the shoulders) velvet capes; the scarf collar is draped tightly round the column of the throat.

### *Chilprufe for the Grown-ups*

SO accustomed are the majority of us to regard Chilprufe garments as ideal for children that it is overlooked that the requirements of the older generation have likewise received the utmost consideration. Among the many advantages of this underwear is that, although it conserves the bodily warmth, it never engenders a sensation of stuffiness. The fine cellular knit of naturally protective yarn is made uniquely lasting and wonderfully small by the Chilprufe methods. It is sold by all outfitters of prestige.

### *Lait Larola*

IT is a curious thing that, although the general health may be excellent, the skin always seems to suffer from a sojourn by the sea or in the country. It may be that it has been neglected, and it does not hesitate to show its resentment by allowing unsightly spots and redness to appear on its surface. There is nothing that can be more warmly recommended for conquering these blemishes than Lait Larola. It is sold practically everywhere in 1*s.* 6*d* bottles. The face, neck and arms should be bathed freely with it, not only night and morning, but whenever opportunity occurs during the day. Men who use it after shaving find that it has a very soothing effect, as it protects the skin against the onslaughts of wind, especially during the cold weather. Neither must it be overlooked that it is absolutely indispensable in the nursery.

MOTOR NOTES

# CAR PARK PIRATES! — By E. M. Wright

WORSE even than the tolls which must still be paid on roads and bridges in different parts of the country are the fees which hundreds of municipalities charge the guileless motorist when he parks his car upon the King's highway. Though they reap a reward out of all proportion to the cost, toll owners have at least to maintain their roads and bridges in return for their extortion. Parking fees, on the other hand, are pure profit, and, what is more, they are an illegal profit. The public road is free to all, and the sixpence or a shilling for which the attendant duns you is out-and-out robbery.

***

OSTENSIBLY you pay to have your car taken care of whilst you are away. Such an explanation is, however, nothing more than a polite legal fiction. An attendant, it is true, does remain in the vicinity of the car park. His main object in being there is not to watch over your property, but to ensure that no one parks his car without paying for it. Should you have an article stolen from the car, or should the car itself be stolen, you have no redress. The attendant and the municipality which employs him both disclaim all responsibility.

***

THE parking fee can only be justified if it represents payment in return for services rendered. The authority to whom you pay your fee is *morally* under contract (payment implies such a contract) to look after your property, and as a natural consequence is *morally* bound to compensate you for any loss. But I italicise the word *morally*. Where motorists' pockets are concerned morals go by the board. In fact, the authority in charge of the park, having taken your money, refuses absolutely to honour its side of the bargain. Parking fees are a glaring instance of "heads I win, tails you lose." Of the hundreds of towns where such toll is levied I know of one or two only where compensation has been paid for loss. Even then, mark you, the muncipalities in question denied responsibility. Such payment as was made was *ex gratia*. It was to be regarded as a boon, and not as a right.

*In sylvan surroundings.—A Ford Saloon car outside Arundel Castle, Sussex. It is cars of this type which have lately undergone a searching test, for 194 standard stock specimens travelled 334,930 miles in 72 hours without hitch, falter or involuntary stop*

***

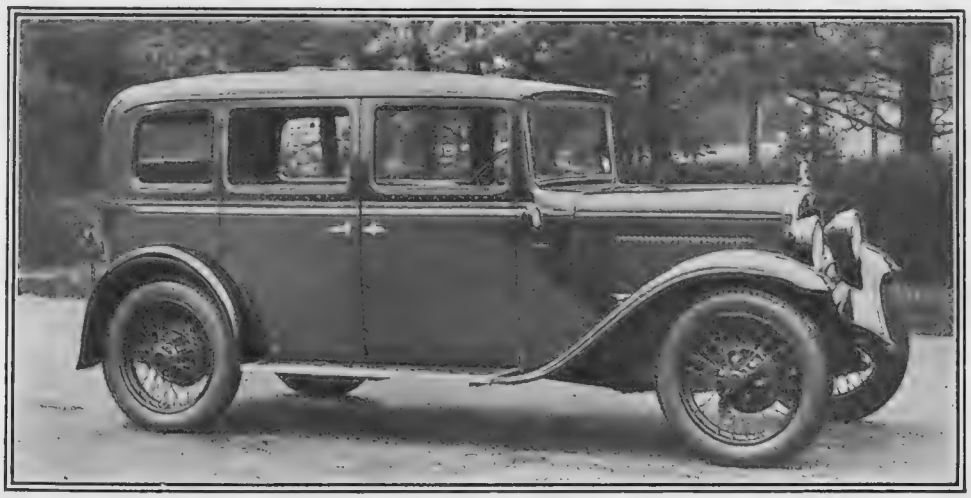
THE attendant is, in short, an official Dick Turpin; but, fortunately, he is a very milk-and-water specimen. By boldly facing up to him you can call his bluff. You can refuse to pay—and you can get away with it. It will involve an argument, quite possibly an action, but if you have time to spare and are not averse to sticking up for your right you will win. Legally you pay not for the privilege of leaving your car in a certain stretch of road, but for having it looked after. Very well—you will dispense with such utterly inefficient guardianship. In strict law you have a perfect right to risk the loss of your property, and there is no law to prevent you leaving a car unattended in a stretch of roadway specially set apart for the purpose.

***

IT is only fair, however, to point out that there are cases where parking fees are perfectly legal and are morally justifiable. If the park is on private property, for instance, the owner may quite legitimately ask a fee. He has as much right to charge you as has a garage proprietor. His park is a business undertaking, and his charges are his return for the facilities he provides. Again, whether they are justifiable or not, fees charged for parking on private roadways are also legal. If you leave your car there you must pay what the owners of that road demand, not for supervision, but merely for the right to use the roadway. It is only when the park is on a public road that the charge is contrary to law—and to reason.

***

I HAVE a further grouse. Why are the majority of parks so inconveniently situated? I would readily waive my legal rights if the parks were handy to get at. But they are not. And this further grievance merely adds to my indignation. A motorist, for instance, arrives in a strange town. He pulls up for lunch at a restaurant somewhere in the middle of the town. "No parking allowed here, sir," says the Man in Blue; and forthwith he must thread his way to some backwash half a mile or more



*The new Austin "Windsor" six-cylinder Saloon, a five-seater model with an attractive steel bodywork. The "Windsor" saloon is also available on the four-cylinder Twelve chassis*

*MOTOR NOTES (continued)*

away from where he wants to stay—and probably loses himself into the bargain.

* * *

PARKING is a problem with which individual motorists cannot deal. Certain of our braver spirits will suffer martyrdom rather than allow themselves to be "put upon." But it is too much to ask of the average man that he should stoutly refuse to pay the fees the attendant asks of him. Let one of the officials of the A.A. or the R.A.C. provoke a test case and fight it for all he is worth till the law is definitely established.

## *IN THE NEWS*

### *Hydraulic Jacks*

One of my pet grouses is that makers will not include an efficient jack in their standard set of tools. The ideal, of course, is the built-in jacking system, but the next best thing is an hydraulic jack which will lift the car without the usual laborious twiddling. Many excellent jacks of this type are to be had at very reasonable prices. The Dunlop people, for instance, include among their accessories a range of hydraulic jacks suitable for all classes of vehicles from the light car to a bus or lorry weighing several tons.

### *Garages in Greater London*

A helpful booklet giving particulars of garages and parking facilities adjacent to railway stations on the outskirts of London has recently been issued by the A.A. This should prove particularly useful to flat dwellers who use their cars mainly for holiday runs, and to those who live in the dormitory towns outside London. Despite coloured lights, roundabouts, and other devices designed to speed up traffic—or perhaps because of them—driving through London is becoming increasingly difficult, and more and more motorists nowadays compromise by abandoning their cars at some convenient spot outside London and continuing the journey by bus or tube. Garage rent in the central area is a heavy item, and flat dwellers may save money by garaging their cars outside London; whilst those who live in the country and have daily travel to and from Town can save time and trouble if they park their cars at some handy railway station. The booklet gives the address, telephone number, and particulars of the facilities available of each of the garages mentioned, whilst there is, in addition, a plan showing exactly where each is situated.

*A handsome straight-eight. The new de luxe F-type saloon, mounted on the eight-cylinder Stutz chassis, which is one of the models Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., the concessionaires in this country, are showing at Olympia this year*

### *Out of the Wilderness*

Rapid progress has been made in the building of the new Ford works at Dagenham, and production is expected within the next few months. In two years six hundred acres of marshland have been transformed, and out of the wilderness has arisen a large and up-to-date motor works, built on millions of piles sunk into the mud. If all the girders were placed end-to-end, quite probably they would stretch round the world. I don't know. But for those who like statistics of this kind I might add that there is enough glass in the three large shops to cover a fourteen-acre field, and that the smallest of the main manufacturing buildings has an area larger than that of the Horse Guards' Parade. When production is in full swing between 15,000 and 20,000 men will find employment, while the possible output is estimated at no fewer than 200,000 cars a year. E. M. W.

# Fit your cigarette to the occasion

When lingering over the coffee and liqueur you may well indulge in the luxury of those opulent De Reszke *Americans.*

**20 *for* 1/6**

*

For the normal everyday occasion, when you are not too hurried, you will wisely choose the standard De Reszke *Virginias.*

**20 *for* 1/-**

*

And for a "brief-time" smoke (*e.g.*, between the dances) there are the new (and now famous) De Reszke *Minors*—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

**20 *for* 8d.**

# DE RESZKE

*— of course!*

DOGS

# BEGINNERS, BEWARE!

By LADY KITTY RITSON

IF you are a beginner in the world of dogs, don't be led away by anybody and everybody you meet, and, above all, mistrust people like commissionaires who know "just the dog for you, Mum. He belongs to my brother-in-law and he wouldn't sell him to anybody." But it is not only commissionaires who must be regarded with suspicion, but almost everybody who is in the business. I am sorry to sound a warning note, but really I have seen so much trickery and deceit practised on beginners that it makes me angry. Novices are being "stung" every minute of the day, and it is quite unnecessary, for it is the way to sicken people and to prevent them ever taking up dog-breeding.

NOT long ago I met a man who had paid top price for a lot of worthless dogs. The result was that he went into the show ring expecting to win, and was, of course, quite rightly, put very low. He asked a few questions, discovered what had happened—and left the fancy for ever. You may ask: "What is a novice to do?" I *should* be able to give you an answer nice and pat, but I have no really useful advice to offer, except to suggest that you take "a guide, philosopher and friend" to help you, who is not in the breed which you propose to buy. Not being tempted to "do you" themselves, they will probably see that no one else does.

*At the Alsatian, Sheep, Police and Army Dog Society's Autumn Meeting and Working Trials at the Crystal Palace, Lady Kitty Ritson, the well-known Alsatian breeder and owner, is seen with her steward, Mr. G. Robertson. She was judge in the Junior Stakes. Lady Kitty, who has lately returned from Canada, has written some special articles on that country for* THE BYSTANDER, *which will shortly be published*

ROUGHLY speaking, there are, or should be two prices for any dog—top price and low price. Medium-priced dogs are practically always bad dogs, priced too high. There are a few exceptions to this rule as to everything else. Supposing somebody owns a dog or bitch carrying blood that is very valuable for his purpose; well, to him that particular animal is of more than market value. This happened to me only lately. Some would-be purchasers took a fancy to a certain bitch that carries the blood-lines I want. In the open market she is worth about £15, but it would not be worth my while to let her go under fifty guineas. I, therefore, told them she was not for sale, because I do not fancy taking that price from people.

THIS is not quixotic, it is only common decency and also good business, for the person who has been "done" will quickly learn the fact, and then your name is "mud," and rightly so. If purchasers are told the truth and the market value of a dog and still persist in wishing to buy, that is a different matter altogether.

BUT, as I said before, never pay a fancy price for a dog that is not a champion, or about to be one. The average puppy (well bred and healthy) in most breeds should vary from five to ten guineas. No puppy is worth more than ten guineas at twelve months old, but it is not fair to expect to get a decent puppy (in the medium and bigger breeds) for less than five guineas.

A YOUNG dog if it is healthy and has won a certain amount and is over distemper should be worth about fifteen to twenty guineas. A bitch should be worth more than a dog, because unless a dog is first-class he is of no use at stud, and a bitch's faults can be corrected by judicious choice of a mate.

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It is the nearest approach to the natural oil of the scalp, the deficiency of which so often is the cause of thin or conditionless hair.

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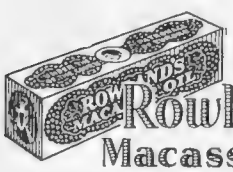
*Of all chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.*

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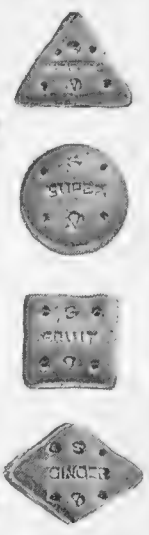


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30 PRIZES OF £5

If you are a cinema-goer — and who isn't these days?—this competition will appeal to you as one of the easiest and most fascinating! Nothing to think hard about or juggle with. A competition after your own heart!

**Competition Closes Oct. 31, 1931.**
***Result will be published in the "Daily Mail" on November 21st, 1931.***

**WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.**

Below, on the entry form, are 16 names of leading film stars. Number them in what you think is the order of their popularity; then POST signed entry form, together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, in an envelope (1½d. stamp) to "Film Stars," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark St., London, S.E.1. Send as many attempts as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by three wrappers as above. If several entry forms are enclosed in one envelope, the space for name and address must be filled in on each form. Additional entry forms can be had by sending a stamped addressed envelope to "Coupons," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66, Park St., London, S.E.1. The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. In case of ties, prizes will be divided. The decision of the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final. This is a condition of entry. No correspondence will be entered into. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery, and the proprietors will not be responsible for any letter lost or delayed in the post.

| PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN INK | Name of Star | PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN INK | Name of Star |
|---|---|---|---|
| | CONSTANCE BENNETT | | RONALD COLMAN |
| | CHARLIE CHAPLIN | | JANET GAYNOR |
| | RUTH CHATTERTON | | CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS |
| | HAROLD LLOYD | | NANCY CARROLL |
| | GRETA GARBO | | CHARLES FARRELL |
| | CLIVE BROOK | | JEANETTE MACDONALD |
| | MAURICE CHEVALIER | | GARY COOPER |
| | MARY BRIAN | | NORMA SHEARER |

In submitting this entry form, I agree to all the above conditions.

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# THE GOURMET — By Emilia

**Dîner**

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(SALADE AUX NOISETTES.)

CONSOMMÉ AU PARMESAN.

ORLYS DE HUÎTRES.

OIE RÔTIE.
HARICOTS VERTS.

CRÊME DE CAFÉ.

ŒUFS FARCIS EN ASPIC.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

### *Salade aux Noisettes*

CRACK some Brazil nuts and cut the kernels into three or four pieces. Take an equal quantity of crisp and shred celery. Mix together and dress with mayonnaise sauce. Pile in the centre of a salad bowl, and garnish with sliced tomato or beetroot.

### *Orlys de Huîtres*

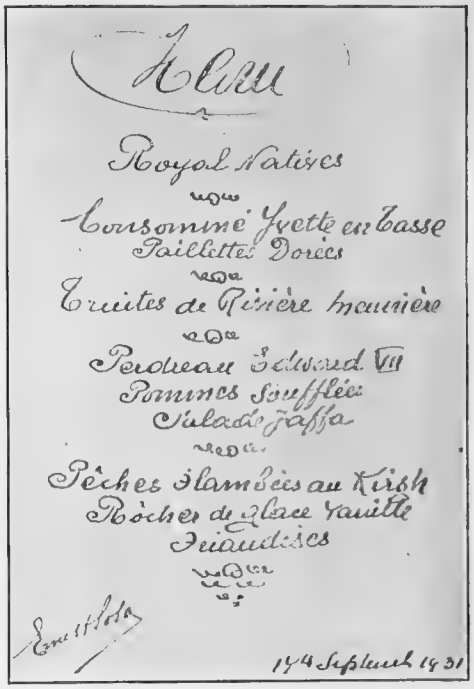
BLANCH some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold, then slit them open without quite severing them; squeeze a little lemon juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter, and fry in hot fat till they are crisp; drain, and pile them up high on paper, and garnish with fried parsley. The sauce to be served with the oysters should be made as follows: take two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the same quantity of chopped shallots, a head of garlic, a bayleaf, a pinch of spice, salt and pepper. Warm up in fresh butter, moisten with white wine, reduce it, and pass through a sieve. Stir into it a little white thickening, and it is ready to serve.

### *Oie Rôtie*

SINGE and draw a tender goose. Next prepare a sage-and-onion stuffing made as follows: chop finely 2 oz. of beef suet, add to it 2 oz. to 3 oz. of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, one teaspoonful of powdered sage. Peel and parboil a large-sized onion, chop it up finely, and add to the above. Mix well and moisten with sufficient cold milk to bind the mixture. Season with salt, pepper, and very little nutmeg. Fill the goose with this, close both ends (sew up with thin twine), truss the bird, cover the breast with fat bacon, and cook in the usual way, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound: baste frequently. When done, untruss the goose and dish it up. Pour off the fat from the roasting-tin, put a little stock into the tin, season, boil up, and strain the gravy over the bird. Serve with apple sauce.

### *Œufs Farcis en Aspic*

CUT some hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthways, remove the yolks, and put these in a mortar with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon thyme, a grate of nutmeg, a very little salt, and also cayenne. Mix well together with an ounce of butter; when smooth fill the whites with this mixture, and make what is over into little balls. Pour some aspic jelly into a border mould; when nearly set put alternately round the mould and on the jelly the stuffed whites and egg balls. Fill up the mould with aspic and set on ice.




*A menu of the 12s. 6d. dinner served at the Piccadilly Hotel, signed by Ernest Soso, maître d'hôtel*

# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### *A Musical Treat*

The Bruckner Festival will start at Baden-Baden on October 2nd and continue until the 5th. The programme has been arranged by the Stadtische Music direction of Baden-Baden, and the programme will include some of the most famous works of the great Austrian composer whose name is incorporated in the festival. The conductor is Herr Ernst Mehlich.

### *The Joys of Anthracite*

An illustration on this page is of the "Esse" anthracite stove which at a cost of £5 will install in a house what is virtually a form of central heating. These stoves, if fitted in a hall or central room, the door of which is left open, throw out a heat so steady that they will warm the whole of the house and, in frosty weather, effectually prevent water pipes from freezing. Another advantage of an anthracite stove is that in addition to their economy they will burn all night without attention.

### *The Constant Hot Water Problem*

More and more does the householder find it essential for his comfort to install an independent hot-water boiler which gives a continuous supply of water both day and night. A most efficient apparatus, which costs only a five pound note, is "The Cheerio," illustrated on this page, which burns any kind of fuel and is most economical in use. It can be used as an open or closed fire and has a large hot plate, ground and nickel-plated, upon which light cooking can be carried out. Boiling, frying, and stewing are also within its range, and the making of toast and heating irons can also be done with its aid. When closed the boiler shows a cheery glow through the doors, which are fitted with mica.

*The "Cheerio" Wrought Steel Domestic Boiler, which solves the constant hot water problem with perfect efficiency. It is made by the Interoven Stove Co., Ltd., 156, Charing Cross Road*

### *Old Whitgiftians Rugby Football Club*

This is the twenty-sixth playing season of the Club. The members will now reap the full benefit of the new pavilion which was opened only at the very end of last season. It includes plunge and shower baths and a large clubroom, in which it will be possible to hold many of the social activities of the Club. The first match will be on September 26, when the London Irish will be met at Croydon. Seven teams will be fielded each Saturday, and, although there is no outstanding talent arriving from the School, the experience gained by the players last season should enable them to improve on last season's excellent record.

*The "Esse" Anthracite Stove, manufactured by Messrs. Smith and Wellstood, of Bonnybridge, Scotland, which, with a minimum of attention, keeps a house warm in the coldest weather*

### *"Old and New"*

"The Old Farm" at Windlesham, an ancient English farmhouse, enlarged and brought up to date, will be offered to auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in their St. James's Square rooms on October 13 next. The original structure can be traced back in the tithe book to 1482. "The Old Farm" is now a combination of antiquity and modernism. Five acres of delightful old-world gardens goes with this freehold. Windlesham, lying between Sunningdale and Bagshot, is an ideal spot for the golfer.

V.715.—Charming Hat in Soft Velour, lined Felt, trimmed with Quill Mount, in self or contrasting colours. In several fittings.

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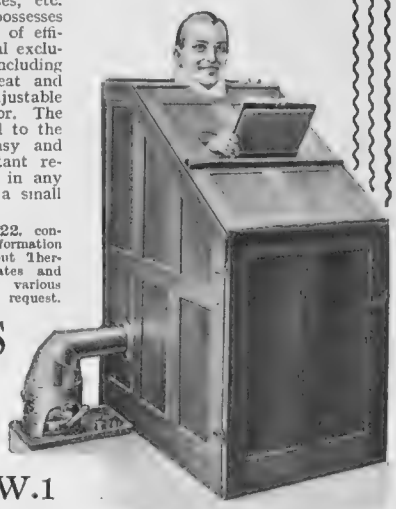

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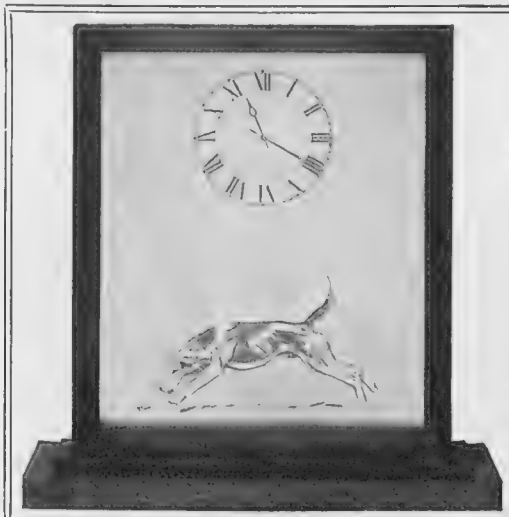

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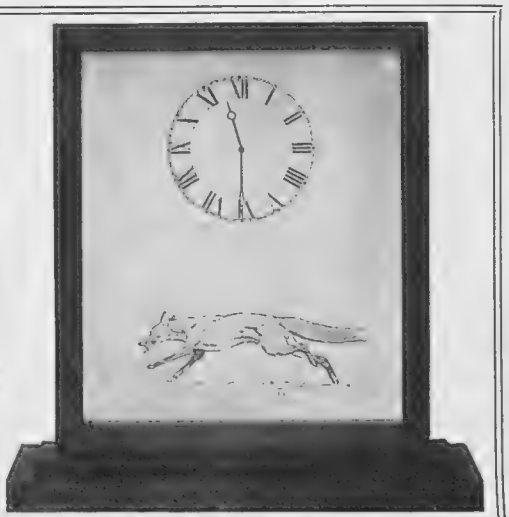

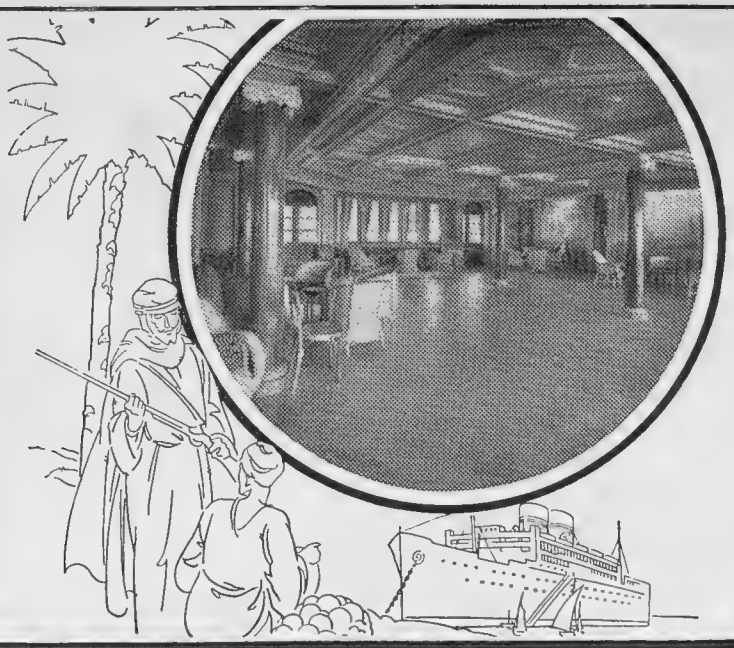

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A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE Daily 2.30 and 8.15.

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Superbly light, soft and lovely to the touch; providing comfort in all weathers.

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An ideal association of material and make. ¶ "ARTVEL" the beautiful Rayon velvet, rich and silk-like, all WORRALL-DYED.

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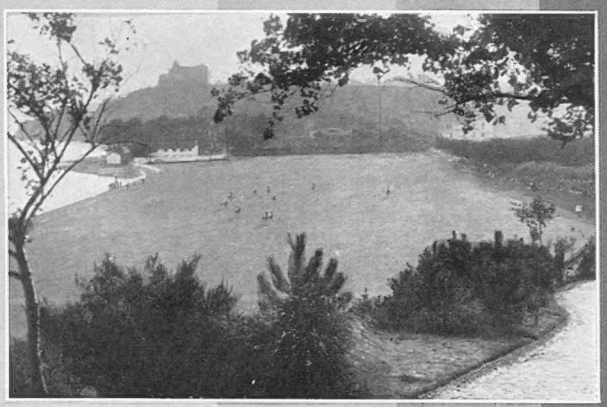
# BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

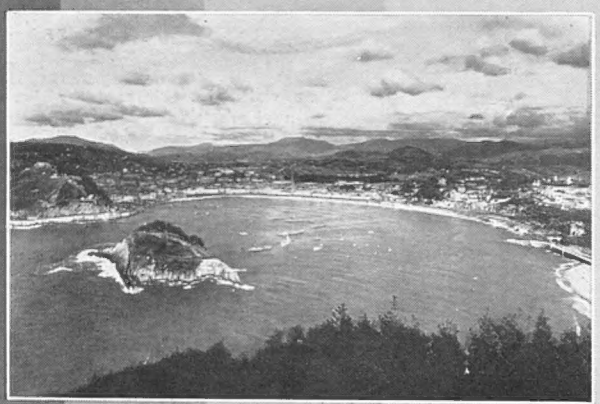
*An aspect of the Monastery of ESCORIAL.*

*GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.*

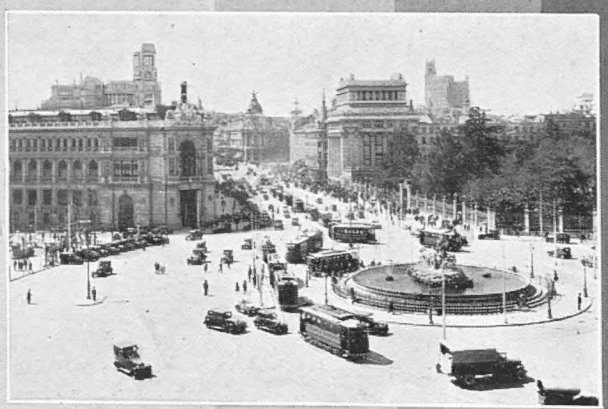
*SEGOVIA. The Castle*



*SANTANDER. Polo Field.*



*SAN SEBASTIAN. From Monte Igueldo.*



*MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.*

## VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

**The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.**

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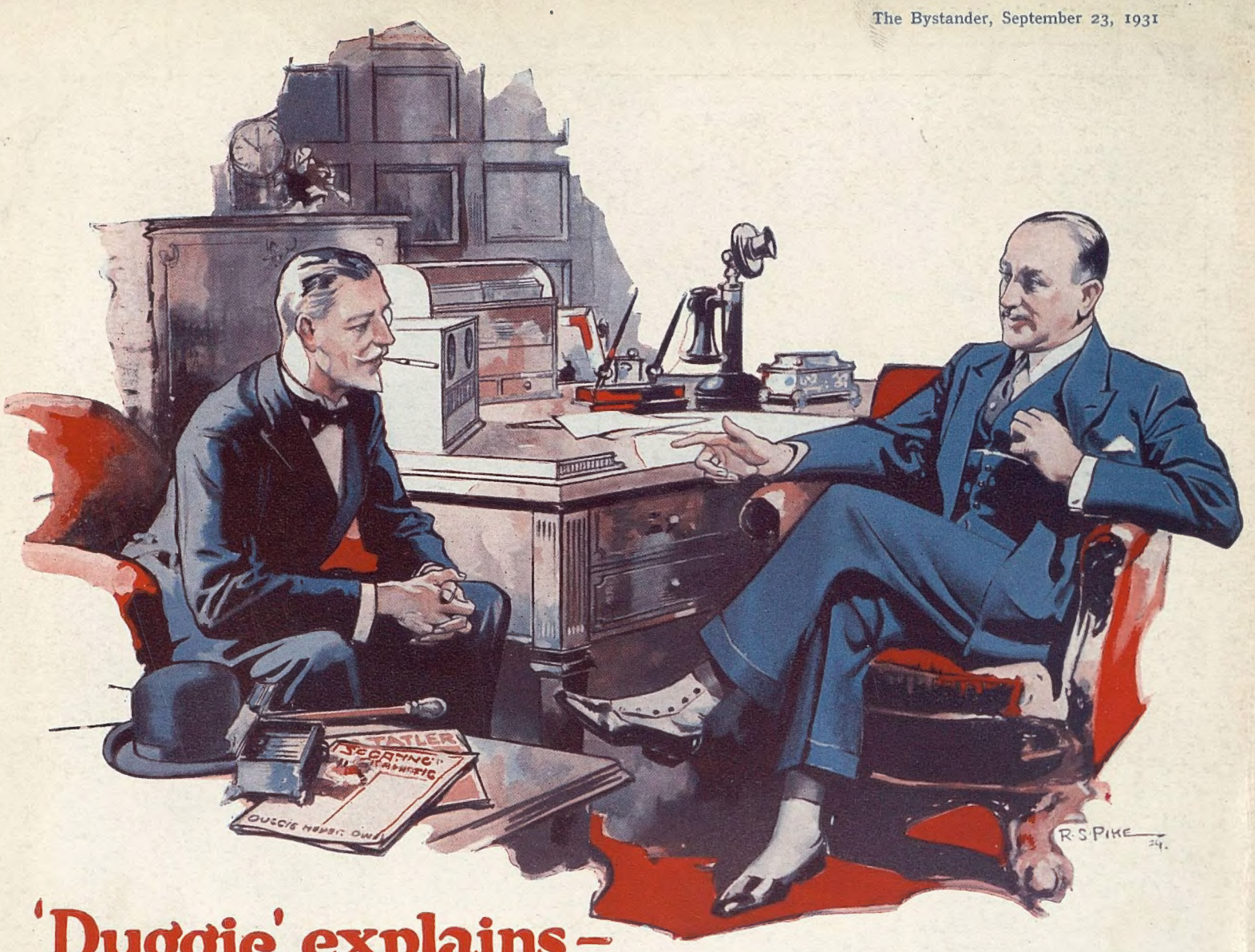


# 'Duggie' explains—

## *"Should a bookmaker tell?"*

*Sir Edward :* "I have called, Stuart, in connection with the affair of Sir Jeremy. You recollect I introduced him to you as a client."

*Duggie :* "I remember it quite well, Sir Edward."

*Sir Edward :* "You know the poor chap has been terribly hard hit over the financial slump."

*Duggie :* "I had heard of it, but I cannot see that it gives me any right to discuss his affairs."

*Sir Edward :* "Come, come, Stuart! I happen to know he owes you a substantial sum, and that is what I want to talk about. How much is it?"

*Duggie :* "I'm very sorry, Sir Edward, I cannot give you the information you ask for."

*Sir Edward :* "But I consider myself responsible for the loss you will incur, and insist upon making it good."

*Duggie :* "It's very good of you, Sir Edward, but at the same time absolutely impossible. Any business between a client and myself is a strictly confidential matter between the two of us, and under no consideration could I discuss it with a third party."

*Sir Edward :* "I must confess, Stuart, I admire you for your attitude, but I'm afraid you'll be rather chary of my introductions in future."

*Duggie :* "You do me an injustice, Sir Edward. I always have been and always will be delighted to do business with any friend of yours. I am grateful for the recommendation of clients to their friends, and whatever happens the responsibility is mine."

*Sir Edward :* "Well, you know your own business best! By the way, Stuart, what about the Tote?"

*Duggie :* "There is no facility offered by the Tote, Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit."

*"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.*

***"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.***

# Douglas Stuart

***"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.***

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